

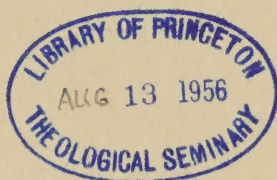


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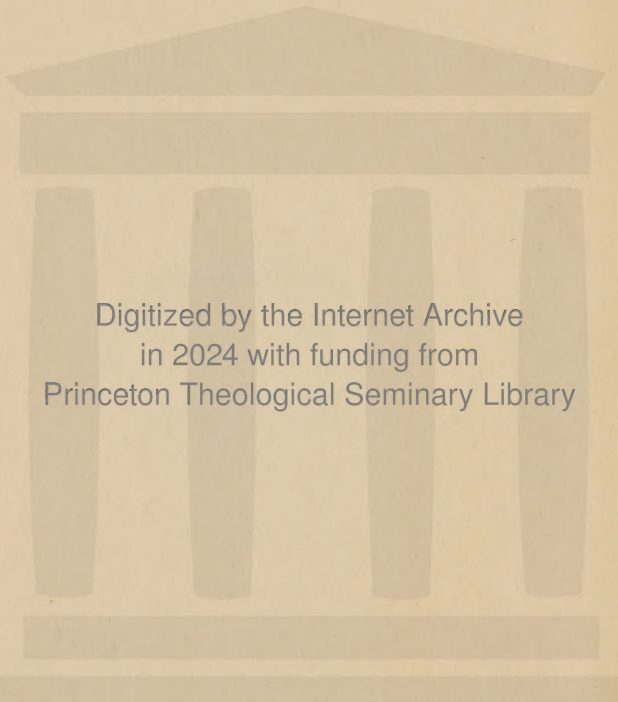
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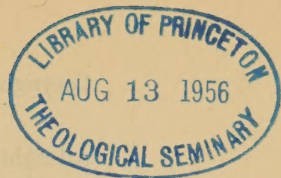
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AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

CLARA CLEMENS



**Awake
to a
Perfect
Day**

**MY
EXPERIENCE
WITH
CHRISTIAN
SCIENCE**

CLARA CLEMENS

THE CITADEL PRESS NEW YORK

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preface

MEN AND WOMEN YEARN

for relief from discord and turmoil. Intuitively they know that there is a quality of peace which includes joy. They may also dimly realize that substantial joy is not the product of human aspirations which both in cause and effect lack stability, being affixed to the limited action of finite intelligence. That real joy is a quality of Spirit can be discovered through the voluntary extension of our thoughts into what at first may appear to be an inaccessible realm, too remote for practical benefit. But our God-given imagination proves to be a useful tool. It inducts a new sense into our wakefulness—the sense of being totally different from what we believed ourselves to be. We discover a crystal clear

pattern from which to build conceptions of active perfection, while listening to the command "Be ye perfect." We find a highway leading straight into that "other-worldness" at the point of our innermost being. This highway is paved with the treasures of spiritual progress; and the gripping element in this progress is the entrance of a love towering far above any we have ever felt before—a love that illumines all existence like the Psalmist's declaration:

"If I say surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

Light appears to be the only graphic word to describe the vast separation between our spiritual and material consciousness. It has become a vital fact—no longer a theory—that we were created in the image of God. And we realize that that image has always existed.

"The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way. . . . When he prepared the heavens, I was there."

PREFACE

With this positive recognition of his true identity, inseparable from God, the seeker has experienced an opening in his imprisoned mentality which enables him to believe the inscrutable, and he rejoices over Jesus Christ's words: "If thou canst believe, everything is possible to him that believeth."

Following this transformation, a powerful gravitation towards a new life is planted, a life enfolding a dynamic purpose. One of the devastating situations in human existence is the vacuum caused by no obligatory occupation, or absorbing purpose. This particularly demoralizing circumstance is the experience of countless individuals who, in their misery, are inclined to accept destructive help. A cure for that type of suffering is one of the profoundly comforting attainments of Christian Science. In man's many fields of endeavor the pursuit of this divine Science cannot be surpassed in grandeur and inspiration. It provides the sincere disciple with health, peace and joy, which he learns to command through Mrs. Eddy's masterful direction Godward. It supplies the means for aiding others onto this avenue leading to mankind's ultimate regeneration.

The glorifying truth that God's eternal presence and loving omnipotence can be proved by personal demonstration is a vivid beacon in the confusion of material darkness.

That each follower must *work* for actual initiation

into this pure practice of Christianity is a constant blessing. Careful scrutiny of his mental activity is requisite and rewarding. By amassing sickness, fear and gloom into Mrs. Eddy's single expression "animal magnetism" and opposing it with *spiritual attraction*—divine Love—he establishes a potent means for transformation. Gradually abolishing finite personality—our own, and our neighbor's—, it reveals all evil as a removable imposture, all good as infinite possession.

Devotion to something or somebody is an integral part of man's disposition, but it meets with severe disappointments unless it is founded on Godly understanding. Devotion to divine Principle creates the kingdom of heaven. Through increasing appreciation of the spiritual world we can learn to love unceasingly—thinking of God reverently, thinking of man compassionately.

The balanced love of Spirit gives the only freedom available to man. When God-governed, he is self-governed, and this state of independence constructs a relation of complete accord between those in search of the same objective—universal harmony, cheer, and benign well-being. Each conquest of the darkness in mortal mind solidifies our recognition of the inexhaustible supply of good from which we are privileged, indeed ordered, to claim our share.

The perfume of Spring pervading the atmosphere is indefinable in its blend of many varieties. So also is the

PREFACE

presence of a man God-governed. An indefinable essence of virtue emanates from his personality. He is approaching the state of perfection about which Mrs. Eddy said: "Good is not miraculous to good." Therefore if this disciple is good, he is not miraculous but merely natural. He profits by God's exalting energy.

Jesus Christ's words are gaily recalled: "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven."

CLARA CLEMENS

Mission Beach, California

December 1955

Do you see, oh my brothers and sisters?
It is not chaos or death—it is form, union, plan—
It is eternal life—it is happiness.

In this earth of ours,
Amid the measureless grossness and slag,
Enclosed and safe within its central heart
Nestles the seed of perfection.

Roaming in thought over the Universe, I saw the little that is
 Good steadily hastening towards immortality,
And the vast all that is called Evil, hastening to merge itself
 And become lost and dead.

WALT WHITMAN

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

one

MANY PEOPLE KNOW THAT my father, Mark Twain, wrote a book against Mary Baker Eddy. But little attention has been drawn to his extravagant praise of her, which was recorded by Albert Bigelow Paine in his biography of my father.

"Christian Science is humanity's boon. Mother Eddy deserves a place in the Trinity as much as any member of it. She has organized and made available a healing principle that for two thousand years has never been employed except as the merest kind of guess-work. She is the benefactor of the age." Said Mark Twain.

Mr. Paine then continues:

"It seemed strange at the time, to hear him speak in this way concerning a practice of which he was gener-

ally regarded as the chief public antagonist. It was another angle of his many-sided character."

One might add: and another angle of his healthily inconsistent disposition. My father could shift from one stand to its opposite with equal *élan*. Sometimes he poured out condemnation and praise on the same person in the same moment, which might confuse the listener. When, in the quoted conversation with his biographer, he placed Mrs. Eddy on a level with the Trinity, he was using the most startling language he could invent to express his excessive admiration for her achievement. And this mood, though brief, was no less sincere than the prolonged one of hostility.

To dissect a character like Mrs. Eddy's and classify its seemingly conflicting attributes was a delightful temptation, to which he yielded with gusto. At this point I must correct a false impression which has been widely heralded. My father was not a scoffer at the Christian Science religion. He did poke some fun at its method of healing in the first chapters of his book, because the target for his humor was irresistible; but in his serious moods he gave wholehearted reverence to the Cause. And on many occasions he voiced unstinted praise of its founder's spiritual superiority.

Referring to Mrs. Eddy in his book titled "Christian Science," he says:

"In several ways she is the most interesting woman

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

that ever lived and the most extraordinary. The same may be said of her career, and the same may be said of its chief result."

He continues:

"When we do not know a person—and also when we do—we have to judge his size by the size and nature of his achievements, as compared with the achievements of others in his special line of business—there is no other way. Measured by this standard, it is thirteen hundred years since the world has produced anyone who could reach up to Mrs. Eddy's waist-belt.

"Figuratively speaking, Mrs. Eddy is already as tall as the Eiffel Tower. She is adding surprisingly to her stature every day. It is quite within the probabilities that a century hence she will be the most imposing figure that has cast its shadow across the globe since the inauguration of our era."

Having said these very strong things, my father then drifts into a sketch of what he considers Mrs. Eddy's most prominent weakness—vanity. This was a human fault he was least inclined to forgive. If children were self-conscious, prone to "show off," he lost interest in them. Self-applause was particularly obnoxious to him.

Referring to points in Mrs. Eddy's autobiography as signs of self-glorification, though partially veiled, Father remarks:

"An autobiography is a most treacherous thing. It

lets out every secret its author is trying to keep; it lets the truth shine unobstructed through every harmless little deception he tries to play; it pitilessly exposes him as a tin hero worshipping itself as Big Metal every time he tries to do the modesty-unconsciousness act before the reader. This is not guessing; I am speaking from autobiographical personal experience. I was never able to refrain from mentioning, with a studied casualness that could deceive none but the most incautious reader, that an ancestor of mine was sent as Ambassador to Spain by Charles I; nor that in a remote branch of my family there exists a claimant to an earldom; nor that an uncle of mine used to own a dog that was descended from the dog that was in the Ark; and at the same time I was never able to persuade myself to call a gibbet by its right name when accounting for other ancestors of mine, but always spoke of it as the 'platform'—puerilely intimating that they were out lecturing when it happened."

Although thus admitting in his humorous style that a measure of vanity is present in everybody, he was all the more intolerant of the fault in so lofty a person as Mrs. Eddy. Yet in another mood his higher nature would come to the top, and he would be greatly moved by her grandeur. I can fairly see him pacing the floor in quick steps, ploughing the air with gestures, and hear him say:

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

"Just consider what that mental giantess achieved. Without a human soul to help her she established a noble church of healing for the benefit of suffering mankind all over the world. Alone and unaided she established it as solidly as though no obstacles had obstructed her path. Yet all the other churches had pounced upon her; medical competitors had bled her; members of high society, medium society, low society had scalded her with the implements of resentful pride; scalded this 'upstart' who had dared to encroach on their sacred convictions. By Methuselah! It's an unprecedented victory against overwhelming odds. The victory of one mind against hosts of other minds—hold on a minute. Did I say one mind? That couldn't be. What about her claim to a close relation with God? By Jove! Yes. She received a revelation. A revelation with instructions for imparting its secret to millions of suffering men and women. Is there any other way of accounting for this—for this— Oh! Holy Moses! Who can fathom such a mystery in this Twentieth Century of common sense?"

This would be the natural course in Father's thoughts leading to his eventual acknowledgment that Mrs. Eddy was "the benefactor of the age"; the only person who had successfully revived the use of Christ's method for healing sickness and sin since the second or third century after his crucifixion.

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

Indeed, "benefactor of the age" is Mrs. Eddy's indisputable title, though only those with personal experience in her revelation are likely to admit the fact willingly. Doubts and suspicions naturally surround so inaccessible a subject as Christian Science—inaccessible, that is to say, by the inadequate channels of intellect and logic unmingled with spiritual sense. Antagonisms pile up from various sources, including a strain of jealousy. Churches resent a newcomer, particularly if the newcomer is able to demonstrate Christ's healing power which had been forgotten for hundreds of years. Mrs. Eddy had believed that the churches would accept and utilize the discovery God had led her to make, but when it was rejected she had to found an independent church by which suffering mankind could be aided on an extensive scale.

Hostility towards the unfamiliar is a common weakness in human nature. Only a lively instinct for adventure moves man to plough into unknown areas—most especially in metaphysical realms where the visible is discarded for the invisible. How many times we have to witness—even experience—an occurrence which has not yet embraced universal realization before we accept it. This fact magnifies the wonder of Mrs. Eddy's achievement. She had to cope not only with belligerent unbelievers, but with tacit unbelievers. Unbelievers even

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

when unconsciously seeking the very treasure their insensitive minds were closed to.

This was a mammoth task which no one would presume to shoulder who was less sustained by divine power than was Mrs. Eddy. She was wholly, unceasingly imbued with the sense of Spirit as the sole governing force in the universe. She did not have to seek relationship with it. At the moment of her resurrection from an apparently fatal accident through the guidance of a Biblical verse, she reached a totally new consciousness; a consciousness that was sharply separated from the limited, human sense. A consciousness that blended with the *hidden substance* of all existence. She had experienced at the very gate of death the truth St. Paul had expressed in simplest words:

"Through faith we understand
that the worlds were framed by
the Word of God, so that things
which are seen were not made of
things which do appear."

She now saw the fading, vanishing forms of material objects as unreal and without substance. The Word of God was the only reality, the Source of all creation behind the appearance. It could however be cognized only through an avenue of similar essence. Quite naturally so. Even in the visible world invisible qualities of

being have produced the adage: Birds of a feather flock together. A spiritual sense is drawn to infinite Spirit—a finite sense to finite attractions.

Had my father lived longer and witnessed the phenomenal spread of Christian Science and its benefactions throughout the world, he would have interpreted differently what he and others considered to be Mrs. Eddy's vanity. One has to realize that as she proceeded through labyrinths of stubborn impediments she must resort to more than one means of solution.

That she permitted a supremely luxurious room to be created in the church for her sole use—"Mother's room"—was a concession to man's love of the spectacular, his worship of glittering evidences of power or beauty, while shunning the invisible source of that same beauty. The leader of any big movement, political or religious, must be placed in a startling frame to catch the attention of all types of mankind.

Mrs. Eddy was giving every hour of her life to the development of a practically applicable form of Christ's genius for the benefit of sick and sinning humanity. That being the one goal on her horizon, her acts must be enclosed within that single aspiration, and appearances which contradict this truth have to be regarded as essential lackeys to a higher service.

two

THE ONLY PURPOSE I HAVE in recording my experience with Christian Science is to share as far as possible the help I have received both physically and metaphysically. Naturally this will necessitate copious slices of autobiography, nor shall I use such softening expressions as "the writer" in place of a frank I, me, or my.

Convinced that countless persons have been subjected to afflictions similar to mine, the account I am about to offer should be of aid to anyone willing to read it.

They say that the children of geniuses are never models of strapping strength. Certainly my sisters and I were presented with atrocious nervous systems and a marked propensity for hyper-emotionalism.

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

Both my sisters died in their twenties after enduring a variety of distressing illnesses. I, on the contrary, was supplied with a strain of something that made my escape by death an impossibility. I could fall under horses, burning cribs, descending ceilings, and emerge with nothing worse than fresh injuries to my nervous system.

By the time these excesses of discomfort had dogged me through a couple of decades, I began to hunt around for something better than nerve-tonics and sedatives as a solution. A kind fellow-traveller recommended various books on philosophy among which were listed works by Vivekananda and Ramacharaka. These latter authors and others of similar convictions set me on a trail of metaphysical pursuits that occupied me seriously with alternating results of good and less good.

I learned the indisputable fact, which at that time was not generally recognized, that negative thinking such as worry, fear, discontentment, irritability, cause a surprising collection of physical complaints. This was an important step out of the chaos in which I lived and acted, but insignificant compared with the seven-league strides which must follow. Accepting my thoughts as the source of my evil experiences certainly opened a new avenue for daily contemplation, but where were the peace and calm I was seeking? Recognizing that irritability over my own or another's mistakes would in-

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

crease my physical and mental misery merely presented a new difficulty—a stupendous difficulty—that of *quelling my irritability*.

Methodically I undertook to remodel my character. More, I confess, for my own benefit than my neighbor's. Something must be discovered to assuage the suffering of my conscience which was never free from turmoil. How heartily I sympathized with my father's remarks on the subject of his own conscience, indirectly expressed in "A Connecticut Yankee." He wrote:

"I have noticed my conscience for many years, and I know it is more trouble and bother to me than anything else I started with. I suppose in the beginning I prized it, because we prize anything that is ours; and yet how foolish it was to think so. If we look at it in another way, we see how absurd it is: if I had an anvil in me would I prize it? Of course not. And yet when you come to think, there is no real difference between a conscience and an anvil—I mean for comfort. You could dissolve an anvil with acids, when you couldn't stand it any longer; but there isn't any way to work off a conscience—at least so it will stay worked off."

To get rid of my "anvil" I spent much time in meditation affirming mental states of serenity and love according to directions of the Yoga religion. I enjoyed the experience of divorcing my thoughts from immediate surroundings and the binding moods peculiar to

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

human limitations. With the aid of imaginary colors, forceful in their combinations, or delicate perfumes that soothed nervous tensions, I strove to lead my consciousness to a calmer level. Uplifting strains within the pattern of reincarnation also gave me strength.

Through many years I studied and endeavored to practice the tenets of Oriental religions with varying results. I was never able to call myself a Yogi, a Sufi, or an aspiring theosophist, because Christ also occupied my heart. And though the similarity between the religions was basic, there were of course differences. I reached a point of development in mental control which caused me to *fear* any negative thought of mine. This was hardly advantageous.

In the beginning my efforts at meditation were ludicrous. That thoughts could be such skittish buckjumpers was a discouraging revelation. The variety of objects to arrest their attention reminded me of a chicken nervously ducking its flexible head into every clump of grass where an insect might be discovered. Onto the path of celestial vibrations teaching me the art of holiness, would suddenly zoom the peculiar apparition of a seasick passenger on an ocean liner, struggling to keep his footing, if nothing else. Or I would find myself in a Viennese ball-room where officers' spurs clicked their accompaniment to a seductive Strauss waltz—and must question the value of too much holiness. Was there

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

really any harm in moods of extravagant sensations? Were they not an essential part of life that complete the circle of human impulses within the twenty-four hours of each day?

Suddenly one afternoon in the midst of these conflicts something startling happened. I had a lively sense of liberation from physical weight. I was sky-rocketing far above the earth in a helpless suspension more terrifying than words could ever express. After what seemed a very long period I found myself back in my dressing-room, but nothing looked natural there; nor did I recover quickly from the shock. Some weeks later at a social gathering during a conversation with an East Indian I related this experience. The young man looked very serious as he delivered an impressive warning.

"You had a narrow escape," he said. "You might never have returned to your body. You should not enter into deep meditation without explicit instructions from an experienced Yogi."

"I am not acquainted with any Yogis," I said.

"Probably not. There are very few in this country. I advise you to cease your metaphysical experiments. You are playing with fire."

I took his advice quite willingly and endeavored half-heartedly to replace the Yoga studies with explorations in Christian Science. Somehow I got a wrong start and having meanwhile shed my fear resulting from

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

the Yoga experience, I returned joyfully to the practice of daily meditation in Oriental manner. Now and then I discovered that a pacifying mental cover to my nerves was creating smooth reactions to hitherto irritating causes. Ah! What balm this was for my conscience. I could now appreciate statements made by Yoga authors such as:

"Through sublimating methods of meditation the student becomes acquainted with his spiritual self." Or, "Thought-mastery banishes the evil effects of emotionalism. It liberates from the temptation of hatred."

Surely my character was improving.

Then occurred another surprising incident. I was powerfully seized one evening with an elation, a sparkling excitement surpassing anything I had ever experienced from any physical stimulant. It produced a feeling of spontaneous, overwhelming love undirected to special individuals, or other objects of affection. It suggested a colossal electric force released from an unfamiliar source that took possession and dominated every other power, producing a definitely preternatural effect. For three nights and days I did not close an eye and felt no need for food. I was possessed of a physical strength beyond anything one would imagine possible. Had it not been so closely associated with a flood of universal love, I should have been frightened by its excess. A remarkable feature of the experience was that

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

there was no after-effect of mental depression, or physical weakness.

Somewhere about this time I was attacked by an amoebic infection which affected my joints and rendered me a partial cripple. After more than a year of this discomfort my husband * persuaded me to try a cure, though reportedly very severe, practiced by a physician residing in Berkeley, California, who was a specialist on amoebic infections.

We went to Berkeley during that summer and I struggled through an appalling experience—the ipecac cure—calculated to kill the germ. Instead, it brought me to the edge of extinction without completely exterminating the amoeba. A repetition of the three weeks' cure—period of agony—was suggested, and in the same moment rejected. Later my own physician said that that treatment would kill a horse. I, apparently being less sensitive, survived. But how? That was the amazing part of it.

From Berkeley to the Mira Sol Hotel in Santa Barbara I was brought on a litter, a very evident applicant for death. My husband had to fulfill a concert engagement in Los Angeles and in his absence the chambermaid entered my room with a startling suggestion. She said quite bluntly, without a semblance of prelude: "Since you are dying anyway, why wouldn't you try

* Ossip Gabrilowitsch, who died in 1936.

Christian Science?" I couldn't think of any reason why not, so she called in a practitioner, suggesting that he sit with me without speaking, since I was too weak to listen.

The healer sat silent by my bed. He turned to divine Mind which poured its resurrecting energies into my consciousness. I don't remember how long he was there, but when he left, he said reassuringly: "You will be better tomorrow." He told the truth. The next morning I was able to retain a glass of warm milk and late in the day consumed a meal of comparative substance. I knew I was healed—miraculously, it seemed to me.

Two days later when Ossip returned, he found me at the piano singing. Was this madness? He could not believe what he saw. Indeed most of us are so unprepared for "the signs following" which Christ explained, that we have difficulty in crediting our own experiences.

After this spectacular healing one must wonder why I returned again to the Oriental religions. As I look back on it now, I believe the chief reason was that Yoga had been my first love, and a reliable friend for several years. Doubtless another explanation was that because of the conspicuous resemblances between the two religions, I did not at that time observe the basic difference between them. Both sought to lift the aspirant above his grosser, human self and establish a conscious awareness of his union with God. Both emphasized the requi-

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

site sublimation of thought through the power of universal love. Both stressed the obligation of character-remodeling in conjunction with mental control of the body. Both required denials of evil and affirmations of good. But there the principal resemblances ended. The method of mental control and spiritual regeneration of the two philosophies was fundamentally unrelated, as I fully appreciated much later.

During the next ten or fifteen years my devotion to Yoga ideals, not always faithfully pursued, brought insufficient aid. Much of the time I sensed a backward shift that trailed no clouds of glory.

Finally came a serious illness—nervous prostration combined with high blood pressure and a truly vicious and tenacious form of “shingles.” Unspeakable suffering drove me to experiments with all the old drugs, new drugs, drugs not yet on the market and electric treatments. I even submitted to an operation that removed nerves and muscles between my spine and left arm, after which I was unable to lie on my back for two years; in fact not until—*not until*—holy powers came to my aid. It was after three years of constant medical attendance that now at last I returned to the Physician whose supreme healing power I had become acquainted with more than a decade before.

three

THE HUMAN MIND YIELDS to sombre thoughts more readily than to vigorous hopes. This is true at least of most people, and I have been no exception. Instead of refreshing my memory with the picture of that instantaneous healing of several years before, at the time the amoebic infection had brought me to the grave's edge—instead of anything so sensible, I approached the haven of Christian Science with negative images. Images which clung not only to the fullest sense of pain, but to the suspicion that some types of chronic suffering may be unalterable.

Obedient, however, to the law of life which snatches at help in any form when the emergency is acute, I called in a practitioner much as one boards a leaking

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

boat in a swelling flood, that being the only means of salvation available.

In this mood of mental palsy I entered a long and rocky road. A road which rose a little here, but sank abruptly there, weakened by precipitate curves. I soon realized that if this was to be a healing at all, it certainly would not be swift. This fact proved to be of immeasurable value as the months limped by.

The practioner was sympathetic and gifted in her exposition of the Science. Nevertheless, while one may intellectually accept a principle as logical, he may fail to sense it as the truth. At this point appears the paramount question of proof by *demonstration*.

Through devoted study of Christ's spiritual method of healing following her all-but mortal accident, Mrs. Eddy received a divine revelation. How was it that Christ and his disciples could heal all types of sickness without the aid of material remedies? For two reasons. Matter is of itself neither intelligent, nor sentient. The sole reliable and eternal creator and preserver of being is God, Spirit. On the basis of this revelation countless healings have been performed in all parts of the world. That there have been failures among the multi-thousand successes must be taken for granted. The healing ability varies among practitioners both in quality and intensity. There is also a marked difference in the patients' capacity to respond. To many the gift of faith

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

comes slowly. The prevailing habit of placing all cause and effect in the material spheres is not easily dislodged. In some cases actual experiences in spiritual cures have to be repeated several times before the beneficiary is completely freed from doubting questions. One is reminded of Shakespeare's lines of wisdom:

"Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt."

Having seen and known of cures by divine Science in the past, lack of faith was not my trouble. The difficulty was of a different nature. Pain-killing drugs, morphine and its derivatives, had draped a dark curtain across my mind through which the light failed to penetrate.

I had discarded all medicine and therapeutic treatments in any form before embarking on Christian Science. The practitioner called on me once a week and gave me absent treatments daily. Owing to my mental apathy any physical improvement must depend solely on the healer's ability.

The first benefit to delight me was the conquest of insomnia. This seemed like a miracle, not only because I was still in the throes of pain from the "shingles," but also because I had been a poor sleeper ever since early girlhood.

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

The next improvement was a modification of the spastic stabs of pain. Gradually the persecuting noises in my head, due to high blood pressure, became less aggressive. I did not have to peer out of the window to ascertain whether the aeroplane was genuine, or a counterfeit article inside my head. The other noises diminished also, both in variety and intensity.

I shall not enumerate the many progressive steps from a mortal to a living state of physical and spiritual improvement, because the purpose of this account is to offer, as far as possible, the kind of information which might be of practical value along the corridors of a sometimes discouraging quest. If my healing had been rapid, I might have remained on the outer rim of an otherwise profound experience. The practitioner's consecrated attention and patient faithfulness to her task gave an inspiring view of Christian Science and its transforming power in removing the extremes of suffering.

four

AS ALREADY STATED, I HAD learned from the Yoga religion that grief, fear, worry, any form of hatred, cause physical ailments and useless discords in human relations; also that the spiritual, or *real* self, contains no strain of evil and is powerful in its creative expression of love. But the rules for applying this wisdom in daily living by means of exercises in meditation, combined with rhythmic inhalations, had brought me only a slight degree of tranquillity.

Soon after entering the "straight and narrow way" to Christ's world of peace and joy, so clearly interpreted by Mary Baker Eddy, I realized that the point in Christian Science which I had been unable to accept

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

in previous years constituted the very essence of divine healing—namely that all evil is illusion, all good the *only reality*. Here lay the conspicuous divergence from all other religions, and the possible separation between our earthly and our spiritual selves. Calling our physical, finite self nothing, and our spiritual, infinite self *everything* presents an absolute premise from which to work towards the perfecting of man's finite self. It opens wide the gate towards a new consciousness, the Christ-consciousness, so forcibly described by St. Paul when he said: "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

This statement revealed the fact that not only Jesus could assert his union with the heavenly Father and employ that invisible power for the benefit of suffering mankind, but that any man who earnestly sought "the kingdom of heaven within" would also discover his divine heritage, with its spiritual equipment for aiding those in trouble.

I had employed the Yoga method of denying the presence of physical or moral ills and affirming the opposite state, to the best of my ability, and found it inadequate. Now, I discovered through experience, that Mrs. Eddy's interpretation of the Christ power as the *only* power was vastly more effective than the more moderate Yoga assertions of prevailing good. Denying

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

the *presence* of evil was far less potent than asserting that it had never existed—except as a false appearance, a counterfeit thing.

For instance, as a Yoga disciple I might say to a seizure of pain: "You and your evil intent can not reach me. I am unconscious of you, because the protection of Spirit envelops me."

As a Christian Science follower I might say: "My dear pain, you are an absurd presumption. You do not exist, have never existed. There is only one reality—one truth—and that is eternal goodness."

Of course this is the barest skeleton of the metaphysical procedure in both cases, but serves as evidence that man, through varying means, is ever reaching towards a higher state of joy and equanimity.

The poet, Robert Browning, said:

"Progress is the law of life.
We have not seen Man as yet."

Walt Whitman said:

"No one has begun to think
How divine he himself is."

We cannot deny that the vision of poets touches a truth which minds of lesser inspiration fail to cognize. Surely it is the power of imagination that confers improvement and growth in all departments of life. Let

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

us therefore invoke mental images that uplift and rejoice mankind.

It has been said, I do not remember by whom, that thought produces consciousness and consciousness is always expressed in the present, whether the mind be occupied with the past, present, or future. This great indisputable fact aids us immeasurably in following Christ's command: "Be ye therefore perfect," meaning Be ye perfect now, this very moment. It also explains the phenomenon of instantaneous healing when the practitioner's imaging thought is divinely powerful in its perfection.

Mrs. Eddy wisely established the daily readings in the Bible and "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" as aid to the seekers of Christ consciousness. She knew that most people suffer from the temptation to neglect or postpone the hours of meditation and prayer—our only means for entering the other consciousness, that vivid awareness of the Divine Presence. Yet I remember greeting the practitioner on her first call with two recalcitrant declarations: "I shall never become a Christian Scientist," and: "I shan't read the daily lessons with their picayune selections from the Bible." Mrs. X made no reply, but before long I voluntarily revoked both prophecies. Nevertheless, even after accepting the lessons as a necessity, I read them for several weeks as apathetically as one might

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

peruse the advertisement of some article in which one had little interest.

The periodicals were launched with Mrs. Eddy's characteristically far-seeing wisdom which have brought infinite comfort to troubled wanderers.

After six or eight months of weekly visits and daily absent treatments from the healer, my husband * and I decided for several reasons to leave Hollywood. Without definite planning we found ourselves temporarily settled in La Jolla by the Sea. I continued with the same practitioner to whom I reported my progress by letter or telephone. When religious questions arose I regretted the impossibility of personal interviews with her. But on the whole the arrangement was satisfactory. Being thrown somewhat on my own resources helped to modify my mental apathy.

Suddenly one day a phrase I had read before with indifference blazed in a startling light. It was this verse from the Bible:

"To him that overcometh will I
give to eat of the tree of life,
which is in the midst of the para-
dise of God."

Overcoming ills by the Spirit would give life—free life. This was the promise. It must mean the uninter-

* Jacques Samossoud to whom I was married in 1944.

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

rupted sense of God's presence, which "neither comes nor goes" but is "the same yesterday, today, and forever." Here at last was salvation from the endless zig zag of changing moods and impressions; relief from the confusion of uncertainties and all-too-flexible opinions.

In that moment, more than in any previous flashes of enlightenment, I saw a clear road ahead—long, rugged, but inspiring. Overcoming—overcoming—rang in my thoughts and re-echoed in dream scenes where dark selves were surrendering to the conquest of light. I dared no longer live irresponsibly in a colorful haze of Bible wisdom and ideals of remote spiritualization envisaged by Mrs. Eddy. I now realized the necessity of working ardently, staunchly, to demonstrate the smallest fraction of that truth which makes man free. I read and re-read compelling phrases until they were grafted on my subconscious mind ready to serve without being summoned.

The form of existence my husband and I led enabled me to spend several hours each day in meditation and study. As time passed I learned to meet excessive nerve-pains with relief from direct communion with God and His angels. Fixing my thoughts far from personal discomfort on the needs of others, I sometimes experienced Mrs. Eddy's statement:

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

"Whatever holds human thought
in line with unselfed love, re-
ceives directly the divine power."

One day I walked by the ocean unaccompanied, so that I might cling to the image of infinite power through St. Paul's advice to "pray without ceasing." The ability to walk again seemed a veritable miracle.

Without recording the many battles when the body seemed to be in complete control, I can say with gratitude, that in spite of temptations to the contrary, I never lost the conviction that Jesus Christ's revelation of divine power as a means for healing sickness and sin was no less potent today than centuries ago. This faith was continually supported by the remarkable testimonies appearing in the Christian Science periodicals—an unfailing source of comfort.

That sickness and sin in its many subtle varieties are bound together as though blooming on a single stem of evil, cannot be denied. And there is a degree of sin in everything unrelated to love. Through Mrs. Eddy's profound and practical presentation of the Master's mode of commanding the spiritual sense in man, I was beginning at this late period in my life to eradicate—yes, eradicate—certain negative attributes. True were Mrs. Eddy's stimulating words:

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

"The understanding, even in a degree, of the divine All-power destroys fear, and plants the feet in the true path. . . ."

five

THE IDEA THAT PAIN, ESPECIALLY stabbing, spastic pain, ruptures the disposition and affords a legitimate excuse for irascibility can be dismissed as reversible. It is negative thinking in one form or another that creates the inflammation expressed in pain. Knowing this to be a fact, I went to work on my thoughts. I watched them with fixed attention, banished the dark ones from every corner of my mind and replaced them with the positive element. When the impulse to irritation arose, I turned it upside down. Refraining from expressing the unwanted emotion outwardly was not sufficient. It must be amputated at the root. Naturally this required varying forms of mental technique, though the fundamental idea was always the same—that our real self is the likeness of God, Spirit,

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

without blemish or flaw. Accepting mental images from the divine Mind with the same ardor used by a great artist in music, literature, painting, or sculpture, results in an ever-progressing approach to perfection. The human mind, being sensitive to the direction of will, must be brought into subjection to Almighty Spirit.

Hypersensitivity of nerves is a baneful attribute. As someone has said, "A highstrung, sensitive individual is always extremely personal." Excessive sensitivity is rarely directed for the good of one's neighbor. It appears in the ugly guise of offended pride, demand for more respect, attention, or affection. The sufferer from this weakness unconsciously places himself in the center of every circumstance and yields to timidity, self-depreciation, censoriousness, and so on. When this sensitivity is transplanted from the nerves to mental discipline, the patient becomes aware of a new force within himself—an excessive warmth of heart no longer chilled by too much ego.

The word selflessness deceives because it implies imprisonment, whereas it actually describes a great accumulation of freedom through the exchange of our creeping human self for our soaring spiritual self. Walt Whitman's lines quoted above:

"No one has begun to think
How divine he himself is,"

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

frequently filled my thoughts and helped me on the ascent. Appreciating our relationship to God is certainly the only solution to the otherwise insurmountable problems of life. But the quest must be accompanied by the sense of joy which a child experiences when allowed on the first warm day of summer to gather wild flowers in fragrant fields where all nature seems freshly alive to the thrill of creation. The sense of a "new birth" with its vigor and absorbing purpose is an other-world adventure. As the Psalmist says:

"Open thou mine eyes, that I may
behold wondrous things out of thy
law."

One of my neurasthenic failings to be conquered was the propensity towards depression. I was able to conceal it outwardly, but inwardly it constituted a formidable obstruction to physical and spiritual improvement.

No one will deny that joy is a potent force in the art of healing. I realized that the word divine expresses strength, peace, supremacy, bliss, and that God is absolute in pure Love. Therefore as His image we are bound to express those qualities. A merry, joyous heart benefits our associates. The pursuit of our kinship with divine Love must never be somber. Beams of light

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

interwoven with playful humor and care-free abandon must characterize our worship of the Almighty Creator.

As Christ said: "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." He was referring to that life which holds our consciousness in perpetual harmony and powerful sweetness.

Having perceived in many flashes that it was possible to live consciously in the embrace of eternal Love, I fell into the habit of seeking that embrace as a more substantial reality than sand or sea, famine or flood.

It is the innate disposition of man to pursue some distant goal. His search for the prize reflects certain talents, or qualities of character. Be the aspiration in the realm of culture, adventure, politics, or invention, he develops his personal attributes, though he may believe himself to be working at a purely altruistic task. Consciously, or unconsciously, he is feeding the human tendency towards building something beyond the visible, monotonous routine of daily living. A spectral figure on the horizon of imagination pleads for attention, offers glowing promises, writes the noble word glory on the invisible future.

Aware of this profound need in mankind, Jesus Christ presented the most enticing of all projects to the imaging mind of man. He knew that the pursuit of something which *is* good must command man's loyal interest more than something which only *may* be. As

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

soon, therefore, as anyone has tasted deeply of that intangible goodness, he seeks to identify himself with it in thought and in deed. It is a stimulating realization that a glory exists which inspires one to unceasing devotion; a vision that grows in beauty and power as it is approached. "Nearness, not distance, lends enchantment to this view," says Mrs. Eddy.

Working on two of my failings at the same time—moods of depression and angered reaction to "shingles"-stabs—I realized that I must dispose of my ragged identity in large measure. How could I deny the presence of ills and affirm their opposite while retaining the sense of myself as a chronic invalid, with an inclination to mental lethargy?

St. Paul's admonition: "Be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind," demanded a thorough reversal of *self-consciousness*. It required the exhumation of suffering sense; the banishment of the nether ledge of our being to the jumping-off place where finite consciousness disappears in nothingness. Repeatedly Mrs. Eddy's mandate came to mind:

"Stand porter at the door of
thought."

I assumed the role of porter with full appreciation of its importance. To help myself out of the tempta-

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

tion to depressing apathy and fear of painful spasms, I resorted at times to invoking scenes of heroic achievements in the lives of historical characters. I saw their qualities of courage, selflessness, faith. I saw them in vivid pictures of victory and recalled something I had read recently:

"Heroes of the world do not record their difficulties, but rejoice in the chance to achieve their purpose."

Also I recalled Mrs. Eddy's words:

"With Christ, Life was not merely a sense of existence, but a sense of might and ability to subdue material conditions."

Might was the word to fasten on—*might* imparted to our minds from the creative Source of all good—therefore, *might* not of destruction, but of construction. Might, as explained to the world by Christ, lies in human meekness and spiritual majesty. His remark: "Turn the other cheek" has been almost universally misinterpreted as an indication of softness. Jesus knew that retaliation is a supreme weakness due to man's lack of development spiritually. He knew it could never lead to harmony, individually or collectively. He knew the power of giving. He knew the great advan-

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

tage of the giver, if the gift is made on the level of divine—not human—Love.

After thousands of years the practice of warfare is now generally recognized as worse than useless. The nations are reluctantly recognizing the possibilities—yes, the necessity of diplomatic negotiation. They begin to realize that glory lies in replacing beastly force with spiritual fortitude. Evil having reached its peak of brutality in the threatened use of atom bombs will henceforth have to yield to a higher understanding of human relations. Most apropos does Christ's statement "The meek shall inherit the earth" fall upon our ears these days. At last we comprehend that Christ's advocacy of meekness referred to the inheritance of God's kingdom, not the *material earth*. He was not asking man to be meek towards human man, but towards the majesty of Spirit, our heavenly Father, and toward spiritual man made in His image. As an English saint of the thirteenth or fourteenth century expressed the attitude in quaint language:

"I pray to be meeked that I may
have joyful peace."

If, as the image of divine Love, man senses the pull of a heavenly force within himself, he will obey the pressure to behave with charity towards his neighbor. But it will not be as one receiving direction or domi-

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

nating influence from that neighbor. Meekness is subservience to God's Word. It enriches us with immeasurable joy and fundamental peace.

In the effort to extract my thoughts from bodily ills and establish a new entity, I adopted various means. Most frequently the path I found myself on was moss-covered, contemplative in a quiet way, like an improvisation on a wandering theme. Watching from our parlor windows the great ocean with its mobile lights and shadows, amazing sunsets, moonrise on the gently restless water, insured a sense of timeless power in the world of Spirit.

But this easier line of mental direction had to succumb to the need of fruitful demonstration without which there would be no outward proof of inward experience.

Sometimes circumstances were an aid to this requirement. The hotel we had been inhabiting was sold and we moved to another. Packing and unpacking, despite the aid I received, caused an attack of lumbago and a slight return of nervous exhaustion. After telephoning the good practitioner in Hollywood, most of my discomfort vanished within a few hours, and the remainder disappeared by dawn of the following day. Often when I experienced relief from the healer's treatments, sometimes instantaneous, I had the sense of witnessing

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

a breath-taking phenomenon like a shower of meteors or the Aurora Borealis.

As I studied the Christ principle of healing, I realized the imperative necessity of establishing in myself a quality I had never possessed—steadfastness of purpose when the going was hard. Mrs. Eddy's admonition:

"Hold thought steadfastly to the enduring, the good, and the true, and you will bring these into your experience proportionably to their occupancy of your thoughts,"

illuminated the confusion of my wavering moods; the kind of confusion and untidiness that makes one feel like a worn-out window-shade, so full of holes it can't exclude the light. Or like a fence that sags at so many points, it has become an invitation to intruders. If then my own healing and the hope that I might heal others depended on maintaining a single line of thought powerfully directed towards the kingdom of heaven within, I certainly must hasten to learn something about steadfastness.

My father's face used to snarl up like a tiger's when he found a button missing from his shirt; or that he had been making an appointment from a watch that had stopped. That seemed natural and harmless.

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

Neither the watch nor the button could be offended. I noticed one day that I was going through the same facial contortions if a zipper didn't zip; and still more so if pain attacked me. How could I hold thought unwaveringly to the eternal perfection of spirit under such conditions? Taken seriously, this warning planted an important milestone on my thorny way. Dominion over oneself was looming large, like a sort of Colossus of Rhodes straddling two viewpoints—the human and the divine. At this moment words from the Bible seemed to fit my need.

"The voice of the Lord divideth
the flames of fire."

This was going to be a monstrous task, a purpose without boundary. I was thankful that in eternity there was no haste.

M

RS. EDDY RECEIVED A PRO-
found revelation when she saw that "mortal mind," as
she called it, was of a totally different calibre from
spiritual mind and could ultimately be discarded by
man's conscious self-identification with the one indivisi-
ble divine Mind. By this process we could be lifted
above the ceaseless struggle between two minds—bad
and good, ugly and lovely, weak and strong—and find
ourselves moving on a luminous path with Love alone
in operation.

The apostle's recognition of the prevailing conflict
between flesh and spirit was a forerunner to Mrs.
Eddy's realization that the world we live in is mental
from start to finish. Not that other individuals through

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

the centuries had not also accepted this truth, but she was the first to present it in so practical and inspiring a form that anyone could demonstrate it if sincerely desirous.

Christ's indisputable dictum that "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing," was the solid foundation of Christian Science. Convinced that demonstration of the spiritual power ("By their fruits shall ye know them") is essential to the growth of our understanding, and inflamed with the longing to give my mite of aid to this magnificent structure of worldwide solace to mankind, I approached the undertaking from as many angles as I could discover. Incidents that I relate may seem of minor importance, but my experience has taught me that the trifles in thoughts and deeds are of supreme weight as guides to the distant goal. Many persons have the erroneous impression that a physical healing can be separated from the moral and is the chief aim of the Christian Scientist. It is not until one has penetrated some distance in the search that one becomes fully aware of the deep, uninterrupted relation between moral attributes and spiritual healing.

One day in a casual conversation with a young student of Christian Science she told a story that shed a sharp light on the effect of persistent thinking along the two opposing trails—positive and negative.

"I doubt," she said, "if anyone could have more unfortunate characteristics than mine have been."

I noticed that she put them in the past tense.

"I was like the sensitive plant." She continued. "If anyone frowned at me I shriveled up. I was so timid that a raised voice, anybody's voice, sent icicles coursing down my back. At the same time I fought ferociously if anyone presumed to contradict a statement of mine, however insignificant. All this was bad enough, but something worse was to follow. At a friend's advice I visited a psychiatrist, knowing little or nothing about his philosophy. As you probably have heard, they enforce self-expression at all costs. I had to lie luxuriously on a couch and talk volubly about myself. I must dig back into childhood and seize upon any possible wrongs committed against me and then work like a beaver to build a fortress of resentment and hatred as security against any impulse to blame myself for unfortunate characteristics or undesirable events. Next came the order to express my accumulation of hatreds to the objects themselves by whatever means available—face-to-face accusations, or interminable epistles of recrimination.

"Obedience to these directions kept me in such a state of belligerent passion that before long I sensed a very great danger. The danger that one degree more of heightened hatred might drive me to the very peak

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

of expression—the uncontrollable temptation to destroy each living object of my passion.”

The girl looked so excited that I suggested we talk of something else. She wanted however to finish the tale, but promised to abbreviate it.

“The psychiatrist’s claim that by expression the patient rids himself of his hidden resentments was certainly absolutely false in my case. The more you express bad will, the more you enjoy it. It becomes a depraved appetite like alcohol, or dope. And the more your thoughts dwell on ugly impulses, the uglier does your character become.

“Well, a strange thing happened. I was diabolically occupied one day expressing myself to a girl I had never liked much and who suddenly seemed to me quite loathsome. I made vile accusations—figments of my imagination—called her obscene names, and threatened to harm her if she ever came near me again. What started in a modest blaze turned into a noisy conflagration. I literally roared forth my hatred. You could never guess what she did. For a moment she stared as though overcome with pity, then put her arms about me and said, ‘Darling, you are not well. What is the trouble?’

“The compassion in her voice was so moving that the fires of my passion subsided in a cloud of ashes and I fell into hysterical sobbing that would not stop.

Of course you have guessed the rest. It turned out that Mary was a Christian Scientist, which she had kept secret from me. Her few words of deep sympathy had instantaneously healed my sinful state of mind which through many months had been cultivated and nurtured by the psychiatrist. Mary was right. I was sick with vicious thinking and might even have ended as a criminal."

"Did you become a student of Christian Science at once?"

"Yes. That very day. It was some time before I could harness my thoughts to divine ideas. But as soon as my disposition to shyness and fear was overcome, the other thoughts began to vanish."

"My dear!" I exclaimed. "Thank you for telling me this story. There could hardly be a clearer picture of the abyss between what Mrs. Eddy calls mortal mind and divine Mind. Your friend's insensitivity to her own position under your violent attack and the swift transfer of her tender sympathy to your consciousness present a perfect example of how an instantaneous healing may be effected. Majestic power of Love."

seven

LIVING IN SECLUSION AS WE did, contacts with Christian Scientists were extremely rare. I was therefore doubly grateful for the articles and testimonies published in the periodicals. They answered many of the questions that come to one's mind and were interesting in respect to the varying approach of each individual to the religion and its demands. I had once met a professed Christian Scientist who made the surprising statement that she didn't believe all the testimonies. It is so easy and so egotistical to say one doesn't believe. If one has had even a small personal experience with the wonders of "Truth," one quite naturally takes for granted that anyone further advanced in the study will evince increased power in

receiving spiritual benefits. Supposing we refused to believe that an artist like Leonardo da Vinci ever performed his reputed marvels in art because we personally lack his genius. Or supposing we doubted the scientist's discovery that the earth is not flat because we ourselves are not scientists.

Many people possess little capacity for entering the invisible realm of divine Mind and are therefore inclined not only to discredit, but even to scorn those who find it. This human trait does not further spiritual progress which at this time of the world's history is super-urgent.

There may be points in Christian Science with which one does not agree, or fails to comprehend. Rather than fuss or worry over such matters, rather than pose too often the question "how" and "why," one profits most by recognizing the one fact of stupendous importance—that the followers of Christ, guided by Mrs. Eddy's practical revelation, perform cures daily by the thousand in both fields—sickness and sin. This truth considered in the fullness of its nobility and achievement sets pulses beating in many a stricken heart—the pulses of *courage* and *cheer*.

Albert Bigelow Paine in his biography of my father quoted him as depicting God in a manner which, quite unconsciously on Father's part, was not far removed from Mrs. Eddy's conception of divine Mind, the

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

single, undivided power in the ever-creative, originating universe.

Father said: "The Being who to me is the real God is the one who created this majestic universe and rules it. He is the only originator, the only originator of thoughts; thoughts suggested from within, not from without. The originator of colors, and of all their possible combinations; of forces and the laws that govern them; of forms and shapes of *all* forms—man has never invented a new one. He is the only originator. He made the materials of all things; He made the laws by which, and by which only, man may combine them into machines and other things which outside influences suggest to him. He made character—man can portray it but not 'create it,' for He is the only creator. He is the perfect artisan, the perfect artist."

This is powerful evidence of Father's inward urge to recognize and revere the august power on the pinnacle of creation, although his more frequent impulse was to dethrone God and make Him no better than a moody, merciless human species of ineptitude. For this reason he rarely experienced light-hearted joy, entirely freed from darkness. Even his gift of humor failed to protect him from moods of deep depression and restlessness. Although my father never attended church except under compulsion, his daily acts in relation to his fellow man were illumined by the very

qualities of character which the sincere worshipper of God strives faithfully to make his own. Father was, in fact, a vivid example of a moral man's ability to follow godly precepts without the pressure and coercion of an organized religion to sustain him.

I was amazed when one day someone reported to me that curiosity had been expressed as to whether I possessed a sense of humor. Amazed, because I thought our whole family had been mercifully supplied with this characteristic. But in recent weeks I have realized that tense nerves may paralyze one's inclination to laugh at things which might otherwise strike us as funny.

For example, one day in a restaurant my aesthetic sense was brutally offended by the appearance of an ugly, awkward, abominably—or, I should say, sparingly—clad woman, who in a raucous voice demanded a table by the window. Her looks and manner evoked many titters from neighboring tables. Now the laughter annoyed me almost as much as the offensive individual. How could anyone even smile at so nerve-wracking a monstrosity; such a living, moving insult to grace and peace?

That night during one of my sessions of self-examination I stumbled on the fact that the laughers were healthy. They had done no harm, because the object of their mirth seemed flattered by the attention. Cer-

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

tainly the impulse to laugh approached more nearly the quality of Spirituality than my vindictive attitude of censure.

This proved to be an important opening to a new department in the task of spiritual healing. I began to watch my reactions to sights and sounds, particularly sounds. Fortunately, opportunities were not lacking. I regarded them as tests of progress in my ability to ". . . walk *over*, not *into* or *with*, the currents of matter. . . ."

These words of Mrs. Eddy's served me as a reliable crutch. To step over sound looked like quite an undertaking. Particularly such sounds as emerge only from children's throats. Since children cannot be escaped unless one settles on the desert, I proceeded to anaesthetize my nervous system. According to the rules of Christ-Science I must reverse these negative sensations into their opposites. This demanded concentration of thought at a great distance from material surroundings; picturing scenes of beauty in soundless tranquillity. Often one or two words in a brief sentence will effect a revolution of consciousness.

"I rest under the shadow of thy wings" contains two powerful words—shadow and wings. They produced a development of pictures that vitalized and broadened my spiritual sense. I found myself lifted higher and higher into a realm of soft light among

undefinable shapes completely detached from earthly sights or sounds.

Other phrases also served in constructing protection to my nerves. At the end of a couple of weeks the same noises—ice-cream music, slammed car-doors, loudly vocal children—which had pricked my senses to a pitch of agony, now resembled a distant memory. So tractable is the mind.

This conquest afforded me supreme delight. It had been a definite demonstration of divine Power in the destruction of a very present annoyance. And the effect was lasting. Afterwards in the midst of undue racket my peace kept on shining and I could appreciate someone's statement that, "In even the worst situations something eternal always sings." That is exactly what the Power does—"sings."

When we free ourselves from the austere, inaccessible impression we are apt to receive from the word God, and recognize in Him the qualities we love and admire in spiritual man, we naturally seek those qualities as beneficial companions. Tranquillity in its purest form is a fundamental need for man's welfare. In overcoming my diseased sensitivity to noise my effort in meditation had to center on the opposite state—deep serenity. Any form of hypersensitivity, be it to noise or other inconvenience, is a selfish weakness and therefore an evil.

eight

ONE DAY WHEN I WAS LYING on the bed in acute arthritic pain and excessive exhaustion, something pushed me violently to my feet and sent me running up and down the room with vehement expressions jangling from my lips. It was an access of temper that even my father could hardly have improved upon except that he would have embroidered it with profanity. How long the eruption lasted I do not know, but long enough for an unexpected change to take place. Where was the terrible pain? Gone. And the exhaustion? Also gone. Certainly here was a puzzle. It set me at odds with the entire process of spiritualization. I wrote my practitioner describing the scene and expressing my distress that anything good could emerge

from such fiendish wrath, as though a brutal barbarian had been proclaimed a saint. Never had I accepted righteous indignation as righteous if expressed in anger.

Mrs. X replied, calling my attention to remarks made by Mrs. Eddy in "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures." There I read that Michael, the archangel, attacked evil with a sword while Gabriel always used a gentler method for correction. This indeed was something to think about. Michael had visited me, swept me off the bed and catapulted me into a seething rage against myself—against that part of me which was material disintegration and reduced me to a bewildered question mark. Another door had been opened into the vast sphere of mystery. That was Michael's first visit, but not his last.

Through most of my life there were times when I felt companioned by an unseen Friend with power to console and to guide. It is a most natural outreach to the source of our spiritual impulses. In the Old Testament it was called talking with God as simply as man talked with man. When God is accepted as ever-present Love, or good, and ourselves as His offspring, we are vitally awake to the possibility of messages from that Centre of being. These messages, or thoughts, Mrs. Eddy called angels. We may become responsive to those forces when our attention is fixed above our strictly human ego. We fully realize that currents of

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

good flowing from the infinite Source can represent distinctive features of divine Principle such as—strength, intelligence, wisdom, honesty, and so on. Thus it may become a most fortunate habit to listen frequently, almost unceasingly, for guidance through these definite, though invisible channels. With acute alertness the inner ear gains sensitive hearing and enjoys a sense of unbounded security in this friendly guidance.

Michael and Gabriel grew to be lively pilots in my daily existence, particularly Michael. At times it seemed as though we were steering the boat for destructive promontories, but they always flattened into flowering meadows. "Go ahead, and do it!" he would command. And the task which looked impossible to me would be accomplished by an abrupt shift of thought. "Climb that hill and forget your illness." I obeyed, and gradually these conquests, though seemingly insignificant, gave me a growing sense of ability to stretch beyond my physical capacity.

The "rest on your laurels" idea has no place in Christian Science. Evils crop up as rapidly as the way is cleared for a new struggle. Seeking the unbroken continuity of divine consciousness demands, in Mrs. Eddy's words, "Man's entire obedience, affection, and strength." The word obedience denotes a willing, joyful blending

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

with supreme Harmony—the ever-creative Principle of true being.

Spirit gives directions for acts within the frame of our own spontaneous responsiveness. These directions for specific acts should be limited to the need of the moment, and not extended as an inflexible blue-print. I am reminded of Amy Lowell's poem titled "Pat-terns." The last lines are a cry from the girl whose fiancé has been killed:

"Fighting with the Duke of Flanders
In a pattern called a war.
Christ! What are patterns for?"

Good does not appear in fixed form, but moves in changing rhythm while modulating our thoughts and acts to many keys of melodious concord.

The moment seemed to have arrived when under Christian Science directives I must make a bold attack on the "error" resulting from that unfortunate operation on my back.

Lying prostrate on my bed, I received the burst of pain with forceful denials of it alternated with repeated affirmations of the pain's opposite—a state of spiritual perfection. I had to continue this difficult procedure for many days. Then came the moment of Spirit's complete victory. Now I could mock that misery and exclaim: "God possesses us and we possess His

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

presence." During the process I remembered that my human will must not be used except in a trusting blend with the divine Creator. Christ's expression "It is the Spirit that quickeneth" was clearly portrayed in this experience, for immediately after the victory I enjoyed a sense of strength that seemed to sparkle and dance. It was the kind of exhilaration which differs absolutely from material stimulation. The latter tends to drop from pleasure to depression.

This incident reaffirmed the fact that supreme efforts are indispensable to a conscious co-existence with the Supreme Being. Healing one's own illness, with or without a practitioner's aid, introduces the great privilege of healing others—for demonstrations of the Truth in one department of existence or another, moral or physical, must be continuous.

When we read that all evil, "error," is illusion, our doubting mind immediately evokes scenes of horror. Can you call such things "illusion"? During the war one of the Nazi tortures was to bury a man alive with his head exposed above ground. In such an agonizing circumstance only one direction of thought could bring courage—the realization that his soul would soon escape to freedom. This courage would need the support of absolute faith—that power which becomes a *knowing* something unseen, just as on a lower level

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

we know that air fills our lungs, and that we cannot live without it, though we have never seen it.

Someone said to me: "Christian Science is nothing more than hypnotism, I imagine."

I explained briefly that a hypnotist takes possession of a patient's mind and robs him of his free will. The Christian Scientist aids the patient in recognizing his bond with the divine Mind—God. The one method enslaves the patient—the other liberates him. The one process is earth-bound and injurious; the other heaven-bent and spiritualizing. We drifted into the mysterious sublimation of thought and man's various methods for reaching that freer consciousness, described by some metaphysicians as the "fourth dimension," by others as the "sixth sense." When Mrs. Eddy speaks of the voyage from "sense to Soul" she refers of course to the corporeal and material senses, which we discard in our pursuit of life with God.

There is no expression adequate to describe even the briefest flash of that "sixth sense" defined more ethereally in the Bible as "the kingdom of heaven," "the armour of light," "the secret place of the Most High" and so on. In Daniel we read: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament." Here the word "wise" must mean exalted love which carries you onto the higher level. After frequent, more prolonged visits to that bright country we become

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

aware of a notable change in our reactions to daily happenings. Neither good nor bad incidents make their former incisive imprint. We are too conscious of their passing quality to be much impressed. The single all-pervading force that constitutes Life flows unceasingly underneath and by the side of all events. Realizing the fact of that continuous Presence, eternally creative, we cling less and less to the more insignificant aspects along the way.

When borne by a slowly floating gondola through the Grand Canal of Venice, our attention is absorbed by the beauty and charm of ancient palaces, the characteristic Italian architecture, stone steps leading down to the Canal's edge where gondolas manned by brightly clad gondoliers await the arrival of the owners. Our eyes are not diverted from these sights by scraps of paper fluttering on the water, their usefulness gone with the drift of events. Thus do the separate incidents of existence assume the appearance of floating scraps of paper on the all-absorbing Sea of Life.

Having at last progressed to the point of comparative indifference to shifting circumstances, we may experience a major triumph over habits of emotional reaction. Bad fortune has come our way, yet during its very climax of evil we find that our solid sense of acquired calm within has not weakened. And when good fortune again replaces the bad, we discover that its

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

return elates us far less than the realization that our spiritual growth had successfully met the test of misfortune. The Presence had transcended an earthly hardship. In true peace lies a strain of exaltation; just as in exaltation an element of calm is present.

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nine

EVEN AS THE RHYTHM OF A phrase sometimes visits our memory distinct from the forgotten words, we may sense the appearance of an exquisite phantom—invisible, and indefinable. These moments seem to be precursors of a partial lifting of our consciousness to the super-sense, described in the Bible as the “perfect gift” from the “Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.” It may be a faint memory of something experienced in another setting. In any case, the best word to describe it is Light. To instruct us how to make practical use of this Light was the object of Christ’s earthly visit. His impartation was later clarified and methodized, if I may coin a word, by Mary Baker Eddy, who

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

had received the "perfect gift" in illuminating measure. The size of her undertaking could not be even remotely estimated by anyone save Mrs. Eddy herself. But because her godly conception and following acts were steadily sustained by the "Father of Lights," she appeared never to lose courage, though general hostility was banked against her endeavors. Her difficulties in launching a purely mental form of cure so many centuries after Christ and the apostles had performed their miracles can be imagined, when even now after seventy-five years of Christian Science practice it takes a great deal of suffering to lure people away from their habits of material thinking. Mrs. Eddy prepared a complete program for the student wishing to master at least some degree of the Science. She provided for the many weaknesses and inconstancies that sneak into the adventurer's effort for a change of consciousness. By means of the daily lessons, prepared from Mrs. Eddy's text book and intimately bound with the inspired Biblical messages, the student is fortified and spurred onward when his mood for conquest threatens to dissolve in defeat. It is not surprising that a radical change from old impulses of thought to new ones requires frequent tests of progress. These tests appear in diverse forms of discord which act as potent reminders that we must demonstrate outwardly what we have learned inwardly. And the reminders must be recognized as helpers from the

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

moment of their advent, much as a plant flourishes under the pruning knife.

A most difficult trial of my spiritual stamina came unexpectedly in a form that makes one silently exclaim "It can't be true."

To continue loving a neighbor who has delivered false testimony against oneself for his own contemptible advantage demands a comprehensive share of tolerance—tolerance being an inherent element in Christian love. Into the startling circumstances I had to bring some degree of common sense. Would the *real* I be better off after proving the falsehood of the accusations before people whose opinion of me could be of but slim importance? If the bearer of false witness was gaining some superficial advantage through his act and might suffer useless harm if the truth of his machinations were revealed, why should I produce that harm? After much conjecture I determined to remain silent. This decision was somewhat facilitated by the fact that my accuser was an alcoholic and therefore not entirely responsible for what he said and did. Nevertheless it is due to Christian Science alone that I not only withstood the temptation to explode the web of lies so persistently fabricated by a one-time friend, but did so without losing my equanimity.

This incident brought me into closer contact with my spiritual self than any previous happening. It served

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

as a big leap towards that realm which offers us freedom by demanding that we *give* freedom and refrain from passing judgment. It has been said we must live to give, and yielding our human pride may be the largest gift we can make, not only to our neighbor, but also to ourself. Self-justification, unless absolutely obligatory, should be avoided as a lamentable weakness. It cannot benefit us spiritually because it works from the worldly motive of impressing others with our integrity—a twisted angle. It is more important to exercise sincere compassion for the offender than to exonerate oneself. This experience was a fresh example of the boundless joy derived from shedding human impulses through definite acts of self-immolation. As the Psalmist declares:

“I delight to do thy will, O my
God: yea, thy law is within my
heart.”

In this trek heavenwards I am reminded in several respects of a mountain climb I made in Switzerland at the age of eighteen. A young English friend and I decided to attempt a difficult ascent for a close view of a glacier called the Uri-Rothstock beyond the extreme end of one of the great lakes—possibly Lucerne. Without seeking counsel from our elders and without a guide to direct us, we started at dawn one morning clad in

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

proper style for the climb. Having received some general information about what paths to avoid, we felt immaturely secure against unwelcome incidents, which was no protection against them.

The first misfortune picked me out. In the middle of an icy cold stream across which we were forced to wade I dropped one of my heavy, hob-nailed boots and a thickly-knitted stocking suitable for the climb. This was indeed a catastrophe, but not fatal. We were not yet out of the range of peasant cottages separated by large areas of fields, woods, and massive rocks resembling natural citadels. At last we reached a small stone hut with a willing peasant inside. She sold me a blue knitted stocking and a red cloth bed-slipper, the sole of which she re-enforced with slabs of card-board. The one stocking I had retained of my own pair was green and the boot brown. But of what importance were profane colors when pursuing a glacier?

As we moved on, the going became rough even for one properly shod. In my case it became well-nigh unbearable. My bed-slipper foot swelled to double its normal size and on that foot as well as on the other I had to leap at times from boulder to boulder, as the way was no longer a way, but an experiment. The glacier had an enraging manner of seeming almost within touch and then receding to an incalculable distance. My foot throbbed with pain and the air was growing

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

freezing cold. At one point we had to cross a moraine on a line barely wider than a pencil tracing. We dared not look to the left. One quick glance had revealed a precipitate, unending drop, down which dirt and rocks were hurled in sudden thrusts. We were told later that nobody attempted that dangerous section of the mountain. But "if ignorance is bliss, 'twere folly to be wise," and certainly Providence held us in safety.

When we eventually reached the edge of the glacier—only the edge—I was so overcome with cold and exhaustion I could not stay awake, and if my friend had been less than English I would have remained and died ethereally on a pure ice peak of Switzerland. To face the backward jaunt on my crippled foot for long hours stretching into the blackness of night seemed to me no less hazardous than hugging the glacier. Nevertheless this time a Briton defeated an American and with a stout heart insisted on my using her as a crutch, though her stature was even more diminutive than mine.

Some experiences in their quality of danger or hardship are unforgettable. This one, framed in the region of mountain summits forbidding in their loneliness and frigid indifference to the terrors of two feeble girls, dragged into endless hours. Crawling through darkness with slender light from the stars and confused guesses as to direction, we finally miraculously stumbled on a would-be tavern of rude construction filled with

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

drunken, yelling peasants. Should we enter? Certainly. Anything was better than plodding on in the dark.

We were given a room with sparse furniture most of which we piled against the door devoid of a lock. It was nearly two o'clock before we sank to rest; but at five my friend had to run for a seven o'clock boat to take her across the lake to meet her mother arriving from England. The British parent would be incensed if Annette were not at the station in Fluelen to greet her.

To me Annette said: "You can't take another step with that awful foot of yours and—listen!"

Thunder was booming, floods of rain swept down the mountain side and glaring flashes of lightning blazed through the trees.

"I'll send someone up to help you back the rest of the way," she added.

"What! Leave me alone with these ruffians? No thank you."

Now came the final nuances of distress. If anyone has ever climbed a mountain many thousands of feet high, crossed a shifting moraine, and painfully descended that mountain with but one boot and a bed-slipper, he will divine my physical condition the morning after. But a good dose of fear can push one into rapid motion despite appalling difficulties.

Into the storm I leaped trying to overtake Annette who was sprinting ahead like a mountain deer. In a

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

brief few moments my crocheted bed-slipper, soaked by the cascading rain, had dissolved to something just this side of zero. It was partially held together by the cardboard pieces the peasant woman had so efficiently inserted into the sole. The next day—there actually was a next day in my life—we were informed that two men were killed by lightning on the side of the mountain where we had been excursioning. Providence had protected us, but why not the men also? Useless question.

The analogy between that youthful escapade and my present adventure is conspicuous in more than one respect. The eagerness to see and touch that strange phenomenon—the glacier—is equalled if not surpassed by my present eagerness to become more closely acquainted with our inner sense of the world's governing Power.

In both pursuits sacrifices of comfort and ease are inevitable, and in both cases the rewards outstrip the sacrifices. Today, fifty-odd years later, when I am tempted to rest from the fight for freedom, I remind myself of what a bed-slipper can do if intent on a dazzling goal.

"I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart,"

says the Psalmist. That is what we need—a greatly enlarged heart; an organ that expands far beyond the cir-

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

cumscribed impulses of a personal life. In some moods we may shudder at the demands of unselfishness dogging our every thought and deed. But thousands upon thousands have faced the ordeal and reveled in a resulting joy distinguished by its freshness and lasting quality.

ten

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HINKING OF THE DIVINE

Presence so close even when we are not cognizant of it, I must relate two notable examples of His protection when danger threatened my life. One episode took place long ago in my early youth. I was in London with my parents and a first cousin, Julia Langdon. Mother, Julia and I started out one afternoon to do errands. We drove in a hansom behind a lively horse. Reaching Piccadilly Avenue we noticed that the pavement was dangerously wet. Mother was about to caution the driver not to go so fast when suddenly the horse's feet went up in the air, the dashboard broke off under my weight as I was thrown against it and I landed on the ground just back of the horse's hind legs.

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

That morning in one of my melancholy attacks I had longed to die. But now that I seemed to have the opportunity, I began hastily to consider how I could extricate myself from this danger. One of the animal's hoofs lay right next my face. If he moved where would I be? If I moved it might stir up the horse. Besides, I was partially hemmed in by one of the thills of the hansom. The driver, fully appreciating the nature of the dilemma, made no attempt to encourage the horse out of his reclining posture. This being a crowded part of Piccadilly, people began to spill out of carriages, cabs, busses, to stare at the strange spectacle and offer advice. I could hear everything said, but felt no inclination to express disapproval of some of the suggestions. I feared my voice might inspire that iron hoof to dig into my face.

The police had sent for an ambulance which waited patiently for its occupant to get up off the ground. My mother had cried "My child, my child!" as I went down, but after that remained silent. Neither did my cousin speak. They could not know whether I was alive or dead, I lay so still. How long we were there I do not remember but finally without any warning—I didn't need any—the horse leaped to his feet and I bounced out of his reach with super celerity. The policemen tried to lift me into the ambulance.

"But I'm not hurt," I said.

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

"Not hurt!" they exclaimed in one voice. "Look at that pool of blood."

"It must belong to the horse," I said.

That animal, the hansom, and I had slid along the wet pavement for a couple of yards and apparently the horse had lost some of his blood.

They kept trying to inveigle me into the ambulance until my cousin said, "Can't you see she isn't hurt? Even her hat is straight on her head." People in the crowd laughed and at last the traffic was liberated again.

Later that day when Mother said to Father, "Did you ever hear of anything like Clara's escapes from accidents—even the most terrible?", he is reported to have replied: "I guess God isn't anxious to make her acquaintance."

The second episode happened comparatively recently in Hollywood. My physician said to me one day, "Yesterday it was your spirit alone that kept you in this world, for you didn't respond to any of the restoratives."

The following morning the nurse telephoned asking, "Is Madam there?"

The maid replied, "What do you mean—Is Madam here?"

"I mean is she still alive?"

That nurse didn't intend to make a superfluous trip to the house.

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

Proofs like these of Spirit's presence and care lead one far from the notion that they are just "good luck."

Soon after this I was able to approach Christian Science with no inclination left to sample physicians or their "wonder drugs," much as I am grateful for help received from them at irregular intervals in the past.

These days it distresses me to see a newcomer depart from the holy rule against trying to mix matter with Spirit. The attempt weakens the vitality of divine faith and slows everything down. Mrs. Eddy said:

"When we realize that Life is Spirit, never in nor of matter, this understanding will expand into self-completeness, finding all in God, good, and needing no other consciousness."

We wonder that we ever turn to mortal enticements after reading our Leader's magnificent exhortation to acknowledge and utilize the enveloping presence of divine Love. In *Science and Health* she writes:

"Unfathomable Mind is expressed. The depth, breadth, height, might, majesty and glory of infinite Love fill all space. That is enough! Human language can repeat only an infinitesimal part of what exists."

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

The words of the natural scientist, Huxley, famous in the last century, come to mind: "You can't find facts unless you search beyond facts."

There are many helpful avenues leading to the goal, and the seeker continually discovers new ones. Rejecting the inclination to dwell on the incidents, conversations, puzzles of yesterday can be established as a habit. This precludes temptations to conjure up ungracious remarks made by others or by ourselves, which incite resentment or useless regret. Living as faithfully as possible in the now, which is actually all we possess in time, we are less able to enchain our thoughts in ever-recurring forms of darkness. We will avoid the misdemeanor wittily expressed by a Scotsman:

"Today is crucified between the
two thieves, yesterday and tomorrow."

Naturally, if while dragging the yesterdays into the todays we reflect only on the inspiring moments, all would be well, but only persons of exceptionally cheerful dispositions are thus inclined. Whatever roads we select towards the spiritual goal, subject to frequent change, we are continually reminded of our need of steadfastness. This requirement is repeatedly expressed in the Bible and Mrs. Eddy's works.

A crisp command of St. Paul's haunts us continually:

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

"Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage."

When we fully realize that the directives we have accepted as controllers of our thoughts emanate from the majestic Creator of the universe, knowing at the same time that it is our innermost "I" imposing restrictions upon ourself, we embrace gladly this means to ultimate freedom. Our relation to divine Love being mental, we learn the necessity of scrutinizing our thoughts. Through this scrutiny we discover many impurities concealed beneath the veils of self-justification. Reminded of James' admonition: "Purify your hearts, ye double-minded," we start a process of mental cleansing. We douche, scrub, scour the mind clean of its most salient wrongs. At the same time we regulate the disorder, much as we consign objects in our home to their appropriate places in drawers, closets, and so forth, where they will be least in the way. We must keep fear, distemper, impatience out of sight while working to destroy them. With increasing understanding we cling to our Leader's inspired statement:

"To live so as to keep human consciousness in constant relation

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

with the divine, the spiritual, and the eternal, is to individualize infinite power; and this is Christian Science."

eleven

THE YOGIS SAY: "DON'T plant a seed and then dig it up to see if it's growing." Suddenly I realized that was precisely what I was doing. I watched for signs of physical gain more than mental. Was the pain diminishing? Did I suffer less from weakness? Was the pulse in my head less obtrusive? This was not the road to success.

In the La Jollan Hotel to which we had moved from the Casa de Manana there was no elevator. There were many individual buildings each containing six or eight apartments to which stairs led on the outside of the building. Suites could be had on the ground floor but we preferred to live higher up. The restaurant was about two city blocks distant which we reached by an

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

attractive corridor lined on both sides with flowers and various types of plants. For lunch and dinner we walked to the restaurant, called The Den, which necessitated my climbing the stairs on our return home. This presented a fresh hurdle to clear since at first I found them difficult. My husband, Jacques, wanted to arrange an amateur type of elevator, but I felt that this would not be in line with the plan of spiritual healing. Thus, methodically according to the rules of Christian Science aided by St. Paul's "Pray without ceasing," I faced the fight twice daily with occasional exceptions. I had already discovered that the habit of listening to angels' voices could be as surely cultivated as any other delightful habit, and the discovery was standing me in good stead. My pet advisers were Michael and Gabriel whose personalities were pronounced. Michael's style of delivery suited his reputation for meeting evil with a sword. Gabriel's address was persuasive and soothing. In moments of waning determination when I would silently question the advisability of walking to The Den for luncheon with the vision of stairs to be climbed in the offing, Michael would draw his sword. "Are you a poltroon? A quitter? A deserter? You'll climb those stairs at a bound, or—or—" and of course I climbed them, though not at a bound. At the end of a couple of months I no longer minded them, indeed often scaled them thrice in a day. By such demonstrations the pa-

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

tient glimpses the magnitude of Christ-power, and is coaxed further and further onto the long incline upwards.

One afternoon as I was preparing to lose consciousness of my discomfort in a restful nap, Michael delivered a command so sharply that it resembled a physical voice.

"Never lie down in the day-time." I don't argue with Michael, but he added a brief sentence. "It increases your weakness."

This certainly was a new idea. Plenty of rest is recommended for almost every kind of disease. Then I recalled Mrs. Eddy's strong statement:

"The consciousness of Truth rests
us more than hours of repose in
unconsciousness."

I had never tested her claim, but realized that that was Michael's inspiration. I was to get spiritual vitality, the only source of real strength. Upright I sat and began weaving energizing thoughts into my sagging mentality. A couple of years' habit for easing the day had been thrust out of the routine in one swift moment and has never been resumed. It was one of the most effective examples of spiritual power, because the result was so immediate and could be repeated day after day. The

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

communion with God and His angels was infinitely more refreshing than the afternoon nap had ever been.

It has been objected by those not initiated into the technical procedure of healing, that the Christian Scientist with his denials of sin and sickness builds his life on lies. But to him the facts are contained in *spiritual* reality, while all evil represents a mist, or nothingness. In true consciousness he finds the Absolute in beauty and goodness. He cannot at the same time be aware of evil, because the one state of consciousness precludes the other. Thus when reading articles in the periodicals where arbitrary statements appear such as: "There are no problems; there are no accidents," the reader must realize that reference is made solely to the *sixth sense*-consciousness which transports one beyond reach of the finite senses.

Waking once in the night with portentous warnings of a possible stroke, one of the occasional threats in my illness, I telephoned my good practitioner in Hollywood and asked if she could give me the attention of a personal visit to La Jolla. She came and remained two or three days. I believed I was at the very edge of this life and would not have minded going had it not been for my beloved husband. Added to the other ailments, stone deafness had suddenly afflicted me and I could hear nothing Mrs. X said. When she left I was much better. In a couple of weeks the deafness cleared up

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

completely. Being at an age when our faculties appear to decline, I was freshly grateful for the riches of the Christ Science. These periods of distress and fright were invaluable spurs on the path. Each time I watched threats of disaster dissolve before the force of divine Love, I was freshly convinced that all causation is divine Mind.

In childhood my sisters and I received an unforgettable gift from a Japanese lady visiting our parents. It was a small box filled with bits of paper, plain and unpromising. Yet, what wonders concealed within those folded scraps! Cast into a bowl of water they opened of themselves and displayed slowly unfolding clusters of exquisitely formed, brightly tinted flowers. Never did our delight wane in watching that mysterious revelation from an exterior so insignificant.

Frequently I am reminded of that long ago amazement when observing the manifestations of Christ-transformations in human developments. It is made clear in Mrs. Eddy's writings that each student is expected to contribute personal efforts in healing the sick. Nor is the desire lacking when the aspirant has himself received divine benefits. With practice he learns that faith in the Supreme Power must not be confused with hope—a lesser light. Faith is *knowing* that the deific Physician heals.

Once this conviction is immovably set in the student's

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

consciousness, he is able to give a treatment with the complete absence of any sense of personal responsibility. His part is discharged in holding his thoughts so fixedly in line with God that his own ego is totally forgotten. Viewing the patient mentally as Christ saw him—a perfect spiritual image of God—the practitioner impresses on the patient's mind a sense of overwhelming peace. This acts like a vitalizing joy—Christ's "light of life."

Following Mrs. Eddy's instruction to start a treatment with the assertion that Principle, God, is perfect and that man as Spirit's offspring is also perfect, the student then leads his thoughts into affirmations of God's omnipotence and omnipresence expressed in phrases from the Bible or Mrs. Eddy's works. From these sprouts are developed devious forms of clear imaging varied according to the sensitive intuitions of the healer, sometimes effected by the nature of the patient. Healing the sick is not only an act of obedience to Christ's touching plea, it serves also as a master expression of gratitude to the Divine Giver of comfort and harmony. Pouring floods of Love into the patient's mind aids in brightening other minds, since thought-vibrations travel over boundless space and thousands of practitioners are always contributing their individual efforts to the prodigious task of spiritualizing mankind.

The determination to shift the habit of seeking cause

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

and effect in matter to cause and effect in Spirit—divine Mind—may try our patience to the utmost. At one point in my illness an inexplicable weakness made its appearance. A bath, not hot but pleasantly warm, was followed by distressing reactions. The "shingles"-pain increased; deadly exhaustion, combined with loud head-noises filled me with fear; indigestion made eating difficult; and frequently my vision was disturbed by dancing stars and the division of objects, so that only half a face or half a printed word would appear. For many months I wavered between braving the bath with its dread effects and contenting myself with the type of cleansing I had grown accustomed to decades ago when traveling in Europe where bathrooms were almost unknown. After more than a year of this persistent difficulty the archangel Michael, who was now a frequent adviser, planted orders in my mind I could not ignore.

"This insane bath-obsession of yours," said he, "may be the chief obstacle to your complete healing. Any condition of continuous fear and submission to material government blocks spiritual understanding. You will take the warm bath every other day until you have proved to your own satisfaction that there is no reality in those ridiculous after-effects. Speaking even from a physiological standpoint, water of moderate temperature could not possibly create such extravagant reactions."

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

So I filled my thoughts with Bible declarations on the importance of "overcoming" and employed Mrs. Eddy's masterful technique for detaching our attention from the spurious laws of matter. The following type of conversation took place between my warring impulses, the human and the spiritual.

Mortal Error: Noises like those in your head are a warning of——

Spiritual Mind: Peace! Be still. I spring from the great "I am"—the giver of life and Love. Nothing undesired can touch me.

Mortal Error: That frightful pain around your heart is a mortal incision, and——

Spiritual Mind: I know nothing of pain. My physical senses are annulled by the Christ light.

Mortal Error: You can't even see straight. Your vision flutters like snow flakes in the wind—a sign of approaching meningitis. And your acute sense of exhaustion foretells your demise.

Spiritual Mind: You do not frighten me. I possess one sole consciousness which is an eternal reflection of our heavenly Father. "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord."

Every other day I faced the bath ordeal five times in succession, which brought me to Christmas. Feeling a good deal harassed, I decided, without consulting Mi-

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

chael, to donate a brief respite to myself. For this digression I was subtly reprimanded by an article in the *Christian Science Journal*. It gave an impressive example of the harm in making detours—detours from reliance on the governing power of Spirit. I accepted the rebuke and waived the possible comfort of modified discipline. I renewed the watery battle and adhered to the original order—every other day complete submergence (except my head)—which I continued for two weeks without lapse. Slight rewards began now to percolate between the currents of mental conflict. I doubt if any combat won in greater affairs could inspire livelier exultation than did these initial signs of spiritual conquest in what would still be a fight of several months. On each departure of evil symptoms I embraced the vacuum and saluted the Christ with inexpressible gratitude. Mrs. Eddy's claim had been realized. "Experience is the victor, never the vanquished; and out of defeat comes the secret of victory." Even had the result been incomplete, it was the procedure of healing that had made the experience important. What I learned from consistent practice of denying the power or reality of matter under such grilling circumstances had pushed me several rounds higher on the ladder.

There was satisfaction too in the thought that while the physical cure was being effected regeneration of character was going on and one branch of fear was

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

being eradicated. When we keep our eyes and ears alert, we experience the Biblical promise: "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

This final siege of the bath I had engaged in without help from my practitioner. Shortly before, Michael had ordered me to write, asking her to discontinue her treatments for the present. I must paddle my own canoe. What a breathtaking command that had been no words could tell. I felt as fearful as though literally embarking on dangerous waters in a miniature vessel. Soon however, I realized the wisdom of the order. Deprived of the steady aid on which I had been leaning for three years, I was forced to give more consecrated study to the journey from "sense to Soul." The practitioner had pulled me back from a threatening grave more than once, and though I did not yet feel competent to sail the boat alone, the angels knew that I had passed the danger of death. They also knew that I would be increasingly conscious of the Sustaining Presence which makes "crooked things straight and darkness light before them."

twelve

MY EPISODE OF THE BATH may appear insignificant by the side of St. Paul's three shipwrecks. Yet the measure of water in my tub was comparable in quality to Paul's raging ocean. Even his imprisonments bore a similitude to the incarcerating effect of my terrified thoughts.

Am I comparing my circumstances to St. Paul's? In a sense, yes. The Model he sought to emulate is also mine today. Mrs. Eddy's rules of instruction for the use of Christ's transforming Principle have called the Master into our lives again. But she warns us that the more we assert the truth, the louder does error scream. And indeed it seems at times as if hordes of devils were plotting fresh ailments to insure defeat of the angels. How

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

is it possible to have so many organs, nerves, muscles capable of disease in one solitary body? This very question drives one to weigh more profoundly the basis from which the Christ disciple must work. Lumping all the ailments into a single mental sack, he declares the collection to be a pale counterfeit of reality, an ugly perversion of all beauty, an actual exhibition of *nothingness*. By this fixed focus of thought sustained in conscious union with divine Love; by prolonged worship of the Creator and His gift to us of eternal beauty, the aspirant slips into a sense of complete reversal from misery to ease, from weakness to vitality, from mental inhibitions to reflections of Divine Intelligence. He echoes with conviction the Psalmist's spontaneous cry:

"The Lord is my strength and
song, and He is become my sal-
vation."

Violent expulsion of a sense of physical pain from our mind, as we might hurl a stone into the depths of an extinct volcano, may destroy the pain with startling precision. But until this wonder has been repeated various times we do not fully credit it. We are inclined to muddy the purity of this truth by attempting to ally it with some material cause and effect. This materialistic habit of thinking can be overcome or modified by one means only—friendship with God. Instinctively we ap-

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

preciate the responsibilities of such a friendship. We must not do all the receiving. We must give to the point of sacrifice. Yet there should be no sense of hardship in that word. Does not sacrifice always signify the surrender of a lesser possession or purpose for a greater? This is true liberty.

Liberty finds its highest perfection in obedience to the most perfect law; and the Word of God is described as the "law of liberty." Since this law of liberty is the law of Love, and since there can be no freedom separate from a fundamental law, we gladly accept the word of God as that liberty. Indeed history has shown that there is no other. When this fact is universally recognized man will cease to torture himself with deceiving ambitions and avoidable tragedies.

So long ago St. Paul said to the Thessalonians:

"Ye are all the children of light,
and the children of the day: we
are not of the night, nor of darkness."

The numerical increase of those beholding the light has been inconsiderable since that day. Possibly a still greater redundance of evil will be required before it destroys itself through suffering.

I knew a young woman once, in fact it was myself, who got such an unhealthy idea of God that she be-

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

lieved every misfortune in her life was sent as a punishment for some ill-begotten deed of hers. Even a tragedy, the death of a dear one, represented the result of a heinous act of hers. This distortion of the divine Creator aided in producing traits of character I was not proud of. Reviewing that phase of my emotional existence, I realize that it stemmed in part from that misleading phrase "Thy will be done." Christ Jesus had used it in his darkest human experience and its full significance had not been appreciated by all who adopted it. Christ knew spiritually that his mission on earth would not be complete without his act of reappearance from the tomb alive and whole. It was only his finite self that shrank from the ordeal. He therefore yielded to the demand in the words "Not my will but Thine be done." Mrs. Eddy translates their meaning thus: "Let not the flesh, but the Spirit, be represented in me." This most natural version of the phrase divests it of its lugubrious aspect. Into it, when used in prayer, we pour the essence of Love. We know that that divine Will leads us into joy and trust ineffable; that it discharges mercy and strength without limit. When we pray "Thy will be done," we really say: "Give me, O Father, the power to love all mankind with that compassion which reflects the light of Thy tenderness. Give me those attributes of Spirit that will guide me through all vicis-

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

situdes with the serenity and stability which triumph over the weakness of vacillating humanity."

Even in human relationships we prize one friend more than another and yield our selfish will more willingly to him than to another, convinced that we ourselves will be raised to a higher level through that superior influence. As Emerson admonished "Choose your friends among your betters,"—or words to that effect. The "betters" will lose by that transaction, a point however we need not mull over in our urge to honor God's friendship as "a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

Unfortunately the word consciousness does the work both of a dray-horse and a Pegasus, because there is no other which can exactly take its place. Therefore it must serve again when I state that the phrase "Thy will be done" can produce a triumphant consciousness of power similar to the words: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." God's will, the law of Love, being eternally in operation, maneuvers things in the best way for all concerned. Therefore when in trouble, we spontaneously ally ourselves with that Will as the most powerfully harmonious administrator. In obedience to it we shall be able to contribute our personal concessions essential to the rounded purpose of harmony. As though protected and strengthened by enveloping arms, we are drawn to blend our human will

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

with that ultimate Good in a supernal friendship. This conscious, joyful union being the foundation of the spiritual healing of sickness and sin, we have to keep our thoughts in tune with the central theme. It must not be I and God, but God and I. And what is the "I" if not the spot where we think?; the station for continual exchange of arriving and departing thoughts? We should not wear a mental *négligée*. We need well-groomed thinking to create a new world from the stardust of Spirit. Discouragement or depression indicates a loosening of the God-awareness. No student can afford hours of retrogression. He has to faithfully reflect the Christ-image—light and might. He reflects it through demonstration, that indisputable proof of his close acquaintance with truth, good. Mrs. Eddy warns us:

"We must recollect that Truth is demonstrable when understood, and that good is not understood until demonstrated."

On that road we strive to utilize in daily living the fact that light has no "communion with darkness" and that "Christ has no concern with Belial." Separating the "tares from the wheat which grow side by side but do not mingle," we study to separate Spirit from matter, good from evil, and become increasingly convinced that good can no more mingle with its opposite than a vio-

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

let can be transformed into a thistle. Or, as Mrs. Eddy says: "A straight line finds no abiding-place in a curve." This practice of thinking can establish as a reality in our consciousness the indivisible state of one Mind.

We learn from "Science and Health" that "Discord can never establish the facts of harmony" and that "Matter is not the vestibule of Spirit." Because Spirit is infinite, there is really no room for any other reality. Holding to this direction of thought we are aided in the battle by such statements as the following by Mrs. Eddy:

"Remember, thou canst be brought into no condition, be it ever so severe, where Love has not been before thee, and where its tender lesson is not awaiting thee."

The words *tender lesson* are important, for the Love awaiting us may present only that which can be acceptable as a reforming experience. Acknowledging the value of each such lesson we appreciate it as a veritable echo of the Bible verse:

"My presence shall go with thee,
and I will give thee rest."

thirteen



ONCE WHEN I WAS PESTERED by stabbing pains Michael said: "Sometimes you mix things up. In your desire to remember that 'expecting the good' must not be related to individual events or personal wishes, good being fixed above the exigencies of mortal existence, you permit a false notion to possess you. Maybe your sickness is a sort of good in disguise, as though God had ordained it. At times you even believe that this conception enables you to endure suffering with greater equanimity and greater cheer. Please turn your horses the other way. Drive back in to the security of Christ's teaching and remember that it was 'Joy in greater abundance' he brought to us. Stop wondering how you feel—better or less well—consider only

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

how you are thinking, where your consciousness is—how much it abides in Love. The spastic performance in your back is kept alive by those vicious scowls you despatch to noises you dislike. You have not completely annealed that form of sensitivity. Correct your thoughts, my dear.”

Only a few minutes later I appreciated the truth of Michael’s complaint, when the shrill bark of a dog hounded my serenity. I probably looked like a hyena when I sent mental darts at the poor dog. He was wading in the bay and enjoying it. That I could resent his happiness proved I was not “walking in the light”; it proved my finite selffulness, my imperfect sense of true freedom; it proved so many things that I was obliged to accept the dog as an opportunity for self examination on the path to spiritual development.

About the same time I received a rebuke of a surprising nature. A friend, whom I was endeavoring to lead into Christian Science, called on an afternoon when I would have believed myself to be ultra-serene, suavely benign, bathed in divine Love. But something happened. What the provocation was I never knew precisely. Suddenly I heard my voice as though from a distance saying, “What are you doing about changing yourself? What do you actually think about when you are praying?”

On and on I questioned, answering my own ques-

tions, and blazing more and more from within. After she had gone, rather precipitately, I was in a kind of stupor waiting for something to happen, I hardly knew what. Finally I called her up.

She was laughing at the telephone. "I have never seen anything so funny in all my life," she said. "I have known you intimately for three years. And never before did I see such a look on your face. I kept saying to myself—'Something got into this room. What could it be but the devil himself?' I couldn't reply to any of your remarks because I was paralyzed by your face. I behaved like a ninny. On the way home I had to draw up to the curb, I was laughing so hard. When my husband found me in this hilarious mood he said: 'You evidently had an amusing time.' 'Uproarious!' I replied. 'I thought you always talked on such a high level with Clara,' he said. 'Sometimes we talk on other levels,' I replied."

That evening during meditation I tried to solve the puzzle. I certainly loved my friend devotedly and admired her. Then what had happened? Gabriel came to my assistance.

"You have been a little too sure that you were immovably established in the sense of one Mind, one Intelligence. Don't forget that Mrs. Eddy said 'There is always tumult, but there is rallying to Truth's standard.' You may have felt that by certain remarks of your

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

friend's she was slighting the pursuit of divine Science. Even if that were so you certainly discovered that she was high enough on the ladder to treat with love and humor an episode which would have incited most people to angry resentment."

Another uncomfortable "opportunity" demanding acceptance as a blessing.

In my endeavor to remain in practical line with the Christ demands, I adopted as hourly companions two self-delivered orders. The one said: Do it! The other said: Drop it!

"Do it" always lodged me in the middle of an unwilling act.

"Drop it" snuffed out a debilitating, negative thought, as the same command to a dog extracts a ball clutched between his jaws.

These devices aid the student of Christian Science in liberating him from the enslavement of his subconscious mind which has the habit of harboring damaging memories. Its habits are not all evil however. The musician, instrumentalist, relies on it for his so-called "finger-memory" without which he would be utterly unable to perform memorized compositions. It may also be effectively used by the Christ-student in replacing negative thinking with divine Mind's laws of Love. By frequent reiteration of such affirmations as: I am "hid with Christ in God"; I am aware only of good; I am spiritu-

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

ally perfect as a child of God, the subconscious mind is temporarily cleansed of its poisons. When man's mind is in *complete* union with divine Mind—the ultimate goal—it naturally no longer requires any such aid as the subconscious mind. Divine Mind is in full control and the student will assimilate Mrs. Eddy's powerful statement: "Consciousness, as well as action, is governed by Mind."

This subservience to divine Love creates the sense of a new birth in joy—the joy which looks not at circumstances, but being self-existent, scintillates in eternal light. The student's ego is humbled and exalted at the same moment by the God-glow flowing to his heart.

Emerging from that vivid reality one may feel dazed by immediate encounter with the visible world and its ugly backwardness. How can such catastrophes—disease, malice, murder, be called illusion; false images of a false mind? And wars, can we pretend they represent no more than a "mist"?

There is always but the one answer. Each soldier possesses within himself the absolute contradiction of what he displays in war. Multiplied by thousands of other men the fighter is betraying his better self in a comedy of savage acts ordered by a few Tartars in still greater betrayal of their better selves. For the reason that the whole set-up represents but one side of man's nature—the least sensible and rational—one must acknowledge

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

war to be a nightmare without excuse for being. It is a horrifying example of man's inability to manipulate the affairs of the world without guidance from the creator of good. So great a failure as it presents suggests unreality, if we accept reality as a substance of enduring quality. We do not regard the world of a drunkard as valid. Nothing he says or does represents facts. The makers of war are fiendish drunkards inspired by boundless, merciless greed.

Taken individually, the soldier while obeying the laws of war, operates according to the training of mad conceptions. But when left to his more natural impulses he asks himself what on earth it's all about.

The shift from brutality to harmony can only be effected individually. We see it happen daily when man determines to rid himself of the Mr. Hyde element in his disposition. The fact of this powerful individualism is encouraging to the Crusaders in world-spiritualization because, though the procedure of growth towards harmony is slow, it comprises the very essence of freedom—God's almighty gift to humanity. Within this case of freedom, man is able to seek and find an intimate association with his true origin—Spirit. Through that relationship he learns that there is only one reality and it is good. Experience alone is witness to the fact. Man's inherent urge towards a lasting good is expressed throughout his life. Glimpsing an enticing cor-

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

ner where nature excels in beauty, the visitor exclaims: "Oh, if only I could live there the rest of my days."

The "pursuit of happiness" included as man's right in the Bill of Rights is generally directed towards a purpose which cannot endure. Observing the fleeting quality of the purely human side of man from birth to death we receive the impression of a substanceless dream. The effervescent nature of his aspirations, passions, attainments, and failures is depressing to watch. What is it all for, we ask. Constant struggle through life with the final exit from a world we have learned to love despite its ceaseless problems and bitter tragedies. Poets have designated as real the visions of the unseen world, and as truly counterfeit the drifting forms, the fading shapes of the material state.

Mrs. Eddy said that the truth which people are most reluctant to accept is that evil is an *illusion*. For this reason the experience of seeing discord and disease annulled by means of this postulate may need to be repeated many times before complete faith in the divine Power as supreme can be established. Myriads of examples large and small in natural science and in other fields of expert knowledge are of great service. Their complete reversal of appearances in reaching facts is willingly accepted by the layman. Of course the sun doesn't run around the earth any more—now that we know better.

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

In "Science and Health" we read: "If mathematics should present a thousand different examples of one rule, the proving of one example would authenticate all the others."

My father once said: "Opinions that prove nothing are, of course, without value. Any but a dead man knows that much."

Mrs. Eddy is rich in proofs of her divine revelation. Through it many thousands of sufferers have been healed. Hourly they thank God for her heartening words: "Truth is revealed. It needs only to be practiced."

This species of independence dignifies man, broadens his conception of existence, and obliges his harmonious cooperation with all mankind. It moves him with ever-growing faith to echo St. Paul's Light-filled words:

"But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

fourteen

THESE DAYS WE SEE MEMBERS of our government stooping to the practice of witch-hunting on a vast, dishonest scale for the purpose of self-aggrandizement. It is a deplorable degradation of their high office and difficult to associate with the integrity of character and nobility of purpose we incline to expect in our democratic government. It is not, however, only in the present that the American people may be disappointed in their governing officers. My father once said: "We have idiots and congressmen—but I repeat myself." In his book about Christian Science, departing from his line of derogatory remarks, he toyed with an idea which might suggest the opposite attitude. Here are his words:

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

"There are Christian Private Morals, but there are no Christian Public Morals, at the polls, or in Congress, or anywhere else—except here and there and scattered around like lost comets in the solar system. Can Christian Science persuade the nation and Congress to throw away their public morals and use none but their private ones henceforth in all their activities both public and private? I do not think so; but no matter about me. There is the field—a grand one, a splendid one, and absolutely unoccupied. Has Christian Science confidence enough in itself to undertake to enter in and possess it? Make the effort Christian Science; it is a most noble cause and it might succeed. It could succeed."

Although my father was indulging in only partially serious explorations, it occurs to me that something good might be developed from his remarks. Naturally politicians and statesmen cannot be transformed by order into worshippers of Christ, but full-fledged Christian Scientists practiced in placing the law of divine Love as the foundation of their daily acts, might be trained in the political profession. Spirit must eventually govern man—even a Congressman. Mrs. Eddy said of Christ: "With the affluence of Truth, he vanquished error." Since that affluent supply of Truth, Spirit, can never be diminished, mankind will learn to draw upon it luxuriantly. A democratic government

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

thus purified of corrupt impulses by the sole existing means, could serve as a worthy model for other nations. Its influence in large and small communities would be powerful owing to its conspicuous opportunity for sowing the seeds of good will and substantial wisdom.

Long ago I read, but cannot recall where, these forceful words:

"They saw afresh the vision of a world controlled by God—God-controlled individuals, God-controlled homes, God-controlled industries, God-controlled politics, God-controlled nations. Here was the *true collective security*."

We cannot deny the fact that unless man is devoted to a higher state of being which demands his faithful and active attention, he will gravitate towards the impulses of a selfish, unaspiring and uninspired individual. This is so evident these days in the meetings between the representatives of the big nations endeavoring to modify the "cold war" tension. There is little inclination towards concessions from any side. Said the prophet Joel: "Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." May God give us visions less confined to material inventions which, though advantageous, do not enlarge the spiritual horizon. When we speak of raising the standard of living, we always mean the physical standard. Mrs. Eddy made a magnificent statement when she said

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

that Christian Science "is the infinite calculus defining the line, plane, space, and *fourth dimension* of Spirit." Let us enter that glorifying dimension and learn that evils are but brutal miscarriages of thought, evanescent, illusive.

My father sometimes cursed the flexibility of his moods which vaulted from extreme to extreme. "I no more than bite into a big chunk of joy than it explodes like a firecracker leaving nothing behind but a rank smell of smoke. At eleven o'clock, say, I have stirred to the phantastic colouring of autumn foliage, but by noon I stare at the same trees and find a mocking gayety without meaning. The sun shines as graciously as before but all the cheer has vanished."

Between eleven and twelve my father had read about what he called "hellions of all nationalities with their ingenious devices for inflicting distress." They had blackened the radiance of the autumn leaves and transformed the trees into grieving spectres.

Mark Twain's children inherited some of that excessive versatility in moods combined with a gift for inflating their emotional reactions into dark disasters. When I discovered through the study of divine Science that a deep substance of joy could be maintained in the midst of various temptations to depression and that that joy, though steadfast, also contained a highly stimulating quality, I added my grateful voice to the

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

vast chorus proclaiming Mrs. Eddy's revelation to be the Comforter prophesied by Christ.

One morning I awoke thinking "Gracious! What a lot of lumbago." But immediately my eyes rested on a silver plaque hanging on the wall opposite my bed. It is a copy of a picture by Raphael representing Jesus as saying to his disciples grouped around him: "Feed my sheep." This scene has a fresh effect every morning. So my thought of lumbago was switched to: "This is the day the Lord has made. We will rejoice and be glad in it." Soon I was packed in divine Love, grateful for the sense of tenderness within and without; marveling at the experience of loving nothing—yet *everything*; loving without a purpose beyond the unconscious need to love, the commanding desire to live and love.

Later both the blessed angels—Michael and Gabriel—appeared and gave me advice on which they did not always agree. Gabriel said, "Now that you have been nearly two years without a practitioner and have deepened your understanding of God, I think you may be permitted to call in a healer to complete the cure of your arthritic-shingles." I thanked him.

But Michael had a different view. "Wait a little with the practitioner," he said. "A few years ago when you sold and donated all your possessions, with the exception of a very few books and pictures, you made an

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

important move towards spiritualization of your human self—even though that was not the direct purpose of your decision. The complete change of your mode of life, settling with your husband in a quiet spot by the sea, enabled you to pursue the search for spiritual health under the most favorable conditions. Nevertheless an important improvement in your mentality is still lacking. Your attention to small things is pernickety. If you see a spider crossing the floor you classify him as a product of dirt, whereas he may be cleaner than you are. Why not realize that we live in a world of dust and cobwebs? But keep them out of your mind. They won't hurt you if you don't vulgarize them. Drop your concern for spots, stains, all material disorder. Avoid the sense of excessive externality. It obstructs your lift heavenward. Shut out trivialities, visible and invisible. Hold onto your conscious bond with divine Love which knows naught that is ignoble. You'd better borrow my sword and cut away material debris. Recognize your relation to God more intensively. And another thing. Heal your eye. It is untidy to let error keep a habit."

Michael's last remark referred to an incident of several years ago. Before I had turned away from medical aid the nurse left on the washstand what she said was an eye-lotion. But there was a mistake. When I filled the eyeglass and lowered one eye into it, the pain, burning to the very centre of my nervous system, was so agoniz-

ing that I danced in madness. I had picked up the wrong bottle. It contained an acid to be used a few drops at a time in water against indigestion. After several visits from an eye-specialist, he admitted that I had had an "inexplicable" escape from total blindness in that eye. It was, however, not free from an inclination to accumulate tears, which annoyed me at frequent periods.

So now with the help of Michael's sword I started on my eye, reminding it that it did not possess even one percent of intelligence. It was a perfect zero. In fact, it was a twin zero, pretending to cause and effect. Repetitions of changing affirmations and denials brought about the desired result and the annoyance has not returned.

This episode reminded me of an incident which took place when I was about four years old. At that time, according to report, I possessed a self-assurance that has faded with the decades. A horse had bitten so effectively into my finger that a doctor had to come to sew the parts together. When it was over my mother said: "Clara, you are a brave little thing," to which I replied: "Nobody braver but God." Afterwards I apologized for the horse, explaining that he thought my fingers were grass.

About thirty years ago I found difficulty sometimes in reading small print. So I called on an oculist and

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

received glasses. But in an hour of Yoga meditation I was told not to use them, since I would have to get stronger ones in increasing measure through relying on them. So I managed without them and I noticed a short while ago that I am now able to read quite fine print with ease.

The difference between a spiritual triumph, however small, and a material triumph, however great, is the difference between a diamond and a star.

Shakespeare's clown was a wise philosopher when he said:

"I love a ballad if it be doleful
matter merrily set down;
Or a very pleasant thing indeed
lamentably sung."

He knew that neither pleasure nor pain should be emphasized as we slide along through eternity.

fifteen

I HAVE OFTEN MARVELED AT the frequency with which a woman can look at herself in the mirror. She never passes one without snatching another glance. She may have studied her ugly face in that same mirror three minutes before and not a single hair has had a chance meanwhile to change its position, yet up to the mirror she gravitates again with consuming interest, as though in a new adventure, subject to a powerful fascination which can hardly be based on a liking for that face. Perhaps there is a mysterious pleasure in the fact of a possession that is indisputably hers. Whatever the explanation, if a woman examined her thoughts as consistently as she does her face; if she preened and embellished them with the

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

same precision, it would be a significant step towards a spiritual revolution.

One day when my thoughts were wandering in wavering courses from bodily pains to Spirit and back again, a voice from the Bible said: "This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left."

"I am trying to," said I almost aloud. "What shall I do?"

It is so much a part of human habits to personalize qualities of character, starting far back in the days of classic literature created by the Greeks and other nationals, that many of us are prone to recognize our good thoughts as messages from invisible angels. Mrs. Eddy mentions this type of intuition in "Science and Health":

"Spirit is symbolized by strength, presence, and power, and also by holy thoughts, winged with Love. These angels of His presence, which have the holiest charge, abound in the spiritual atmosphere of Mind, and consequently reproduce their own characteristics. Their individual forms we know not, but we do know that their natures are allied to God's nature; are the externalized, yet subjective, states of faith and spiritual understanding."

Certainly the more I succumbed to the impression of receiving advice from a distinct personality like either

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

of those Archangels, Michael and Gabriel, the more vital became their remarks and the more precious their companionship. Therefore to my question "What shall I do?" I was not surprised to receive a spate of suggestions from Gabriel who appeared to have been waiting for an invitation to speak, being as he was, less commanding than Michael.

"You should no longer postpone the task which falls in some degree onto the shoulders of every sincere follower of Christ. You must heal the sick! There are occasions right at your door where you can be of help and are bound to offer it. Otherwise your blessed friendship with God brings insufficient fruit. I know what you are thinking; that you are not competent. But by utilizing as much as you have learned, for the benefit of your neighbor, your competency will grow. That the Science should be made of practical use in every day living is a chief demand. It must be shared in all types of human need—sickness, sorrow, even material problems.

"You can no longer remain on the outside of the 'vineyard.' That you yourself are not yet completely cured need be no embargo to your serving others on some scale, however small it may be. You have no right to be shy or timid. Remind yourself frequently of Mrs. Eddy's injunction:

" 'Hold perpetually this thought,—that it is the

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

spiritual idea, the Holy Ghost and Christ, which enables you to demonstrate, with scientific certainty, the rule of healing, based upon its divine Principle, Love, underlying, overlying, and encompassing all true being.' ”

Gabriel continued: “Relieved of all personal responsibility beyond the necessity of identifying your consciousness with your heavenly Father—‘seeking his face continually’—you can not suffer from fear or doubt. Naturally your ability to retain vital contact with divine Love is requisite to the success of your treatment. You are learning the importance of watching your thoughts through a microscope, their subtlety being no measure of their insidious effect. You are beginning to sense that only voluntary abandonment of the human will touches the hem of Spirit. Thus when you treat, you will turn to the divine Mind whose energies will enter the consciousness of the patient and divert his attention from matter to Spirit—from evil to good.”

Michael then joined his more peremptory word to Gabriel’s and I saw the direction of at least part of my daily activity firmly established. There were two opportunities about to develop for my ministrations which came about slowly. Both sufferers were religious, one an Episcopalian, the other a Catholic, but neither was antagonistic to Christian Science.

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

One patient had suffered grave attacks of angina pectoris. The other, now advanced in years, was still enduring the agony of a spinal injury due to a fall from her horse in youth.

When dedicating our thoughts to the work of healing, we are aided by forceful phrases that emerge from memory. The Psalmist says: "The entrance of thy words bringeth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple," and we appreciate afresh their illumining effect. Sometimes a single word bursts wide open and deposits its fantastic riches far within our heart. Our response to such a word is deepset. It shines with another-world luster.

In childhood, when gas was still in use for lighting the home, my sisters and I revelled in a game our father introduced to us. By shuffling around on the carpet we gathered an electric spark with which we lit the gas jet left open for that purpose. To feel the spark leave the tip of one finger as it touched the jet and blazed into a bluish flame was more exciting than any fairy story.

I am reminded of that thrill these days when after giving a treatment, I hear a voice at the telephone exclaiming "Oh, I am better. How marvelous! The pain is gone." Or, "I can hardly believe it. The ghastly exhaustion has vanished. I am feeling as good as new."

When our meditations are crystallized within the

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

law of Love they become mirrors for the evidence of a superstate. A clear picture is revealed of what the relations between men might be—indeed what some day they will have to be in obedience to God's law of Progress beckoning man into the undivided "house of the Lord."

sixteen

P

ONDERING ON THE BASIC

idea in religion that we must first seek the kingdom of God, I was recently reminded that Christ had been quoted as saying:

"If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also he cannot be my disciple."

Doubtless this is an erroneous translation, not only of the word "hate," but also of a spiritual concept which seems to defy the command to "love thy neighbor as thyself."

Distinguished Bible scholars while elucidating statements and confusions in the Scriptures have given us

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

two important facts. First: A substantial number of years passed after Christ's death before any of the Gospels were written. Second: It was not unusual for later authors to use the name of certain disciples as a bait for attention. Thus the account under the name of Luke may not have been written by the disciple Luke, nor all of Matthew by the disciple Matthew. Certainly we are convinced that enough writers have taken part in producing the Bible to create divergencies in the expression of thoughts and convictions inspired by the genius of Spirit.

Since Christ appeared on earth to *demonstrate* the power of love preached all through the Bible, how could he be so inconsistent as to teach the opposite of what he was demonstrating? He might be expected to warn aspiring disciples that they must love him *more* than they love their human relatives, because it is through allegiance to the heavenly Father that they will learn how to love their brothers. But is not the entire conception of love for our neighbor uprooted when we are told to leave him alone while we pursue our spiritual study in complete seclusion and safety with God? One of the grandest revelations in Christian Science is man's ability to doff his habits of discord in human relations and practice a kind of selfless love which, though limited in degree, is a direct manifestation in quality of what we understand the healing Love of our

heavenly Father to be. Words can be fundamentally misleading. Christ's simple mandate to love God with all our heart and mind and strength says plainly that He must have first place in our thoughts and aspirations, but the value of this admonition is lost, if we do not turn it to practical service for our fellowman and the spiritualizing of mankind. Although the ability and desire to yield the material senses to the control of Spirit varies in all persons, everyone can profit greatly by an earnest, intelligent effort in that direction.

There is something profoundly shocking in those words reportedly from Christ's lips: "If any man come after me and hate not his father, and mother, and wife . . . he cannot be my disciple." Even to be told to "leave" your family, to desert the very purpose of our intimate acquaintance with God—divine Love—this is confusingly incompatible with the essence of Christ's Science. Naturally I do not refer to cases where men and women have adopted as a profession the healing of sickness and sin. Such circumstances might demand isolation from family life. Even so, the separation would be effected without discord.

Some day an eminent theologian will alter the wording of all such passages attributed to Jesus, and give them the clearer interpretation, that man must subordinate his human ego to God's control and thus create

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

the peace among men which Christ Jesus so gloriously exemplified.

Often in the past and sometimes recently I have been aware of thoughts reaching me from loved ones long since departed to another sphere. This should not seem strange, since vibrations of love cannot be confined to visible localities nor to man-made periods of time. There are no bars to the impulsion of that eternal witness to our heavenly Father's presence.

I was happy to find a corroborating expression of my conviction in "Science and Health." Mrs. Eddy writes:

"In Science, individual good derived from God, the infinite All-in-all, may flow from the departed to mortals; but evil is neither communicable nor scientific."

When our Leader wrote condemningly of spiritualistic séances she was reproving the practice of false presentations, attempts with counterfeit means to comfort the mourners of departed loved ones; or to entertain the idly curious. Naturally Mrs. Eddy also rejected the idea that a departed soul can reappear in visible or tangible form.

A miraculous type of healing effected by the practitioners is, in my opinion, their rapid, sometimes in-

stantaneous cure of grief. When members of my family passed on, I was overwhelmed by a deadly oppression. The entire world lost vitality. People, sun, moon, stars became plastic counterfeits. Nothing breathed. All movement stopped. Not that I doubted the continuation of life beyond the grave, but its present apparent cessation and the sudden absence of a loving friend created an unendurable sense of universal finality. Although I have at last acquired more spiritual fortitude, I still marvel at the lightness with which a scientist brushes aside a loss by death—possibly a bit extravagantly when he lists the cure in the same sentence with a toothache or other material ailment.

I have never given much thought to the accumulation of years in my own or anyone else's age, but a recent incident reminded me forcibly that the calendar has a hypnotic effect on many minds.

My husband received an interesting offer to conduct Grand Opera in Buenos Aires where the orchestra and chorus were said to be of superior caliber, and the best singers were imported from different countries. The artistic conditions being satisfactory, we made plans for the trip. I enjoyed somewhat extensive reading about South America and was elated at the thought of becoming acquainted with parts of it.

Then something startling happened. My husband informed me of a law I didn't know existed anywhere

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

in the world. No woman over sixty years of age was permitted to enter Argentina. Since I was thoroughly beyond that age, our enticing plan dissolved into a dream. What power lies in printed figures on a piece of cardboard! I was actually younger than when I used to be called young. Indeed it was a temptation to juggle with the figures. But instead, we decided that a jewel might be concealed in the disappointment. As Gabriel once said, "Moonless days and sunless nights are normal. Can't you leave everything to God?"

Agility in shifting our consciousness towards the fourth dimension naturally increases with practice. It is the greatest of all entertainments. Indeed revering and worshiping can be truthfully described as fun.

Our great enemy, fear, is largely abolished on the path, as has been proved in countless scientific demonstrations. I have often wondered why one is afraid of some things and not of others. When it would seem most reasonable to be afraid, one may be without sensation. Possibly this argues that fear is not necessarily a natural trait, but is artificially created by diverse agents including ill-advised mothers and nurses who use threats to children to enforce obedience. We do hear of people, though rarely, who have never known fear in either its mildest form or in the extreme of blood-frozen terror. Certainly its removal from the lives of Christ-followers is one of their paramount joys.

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

Soon after my first husband's death, about nineteen years ago, I was beset by an annoyance which now and then reached the point of fear. In every waking hour I could hear the beating of my pulse which seemed to be in the centre of my head. Much of the time it whined away in a minor third; most lugubrious. As the years advanced it adopted different rhythms and different tempi. My attention was involuntarily magnetized by its moods and tenses. At times there seemed to be two pulses, one very fast, and one slow. During this last illness the pulse dropped the intoning of the minor third and replaced it with conspicuous pauses, complete absences of the beat accompanied by a sense of exhaustion.

One day Gabriel said I must realize more vividly that I am made in the image of God. Then these discords would cease. He also reminded me of the importance of dropping the idea that time plays any part whatsoever in the science of healing.

Today, although I hear the pulse at times, I regard it as a kindly reminder that I am very much and very reliably alive. For the elimination of this fear I am profoundly grateful.

seventeen

IT IS NOT ENOUGH TO BELIEVE in the Supreme Creator—indeed it would be humorous to disbelieve in His existence while convinced of our own. To believe in Him is the smallest part of our benefit. We must consciously belong to Him. Accepting this obligation as imperative, the successive efforts are enormously facilitated. The scattered blocks fit into the puzzle with comparative ease, because we have eternally at hand the inspiring words of inspired minds. When I say with "comparative ease" I take for granted that the aspirant's conscious bond with the governing Spirit has been firmly established. Then when darkness threatens, a powerfully directed appeal from the heart re-electrifies the consciousness of light.

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

This I have frequently experienced after voicing a prayer in the following or similar words from the Bible:

"O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me; let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles."

In this purifying vitality beats a pulse of exceptional charm which one craves more and more. And such craving, unlike every other, leaves only traces of good in its wake. Indeed one can claim that it creates not only a peace but a joy "that passeth all understanding." This sublimating sense has revolutionized my attitude towards the idea of immortality. The thought of living forever had always oppressed me, yet I had found it impossible to conceive of the *annihilation* of this mysterious force called life which so immovably occupies our deepest consciousness. I realize now that my repugnance to the thought of continuous existence was because I had never really lived—never experienced that happiness which stems from the Spirit alone. Emotional, human joys do not compare with that happiness which is unrelated to visible, tangible appearances. I now regard the sense of immortality as not only bearable, but blissful. It is this awareness of the unbroken flow of Life within the mighty stream of

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

everlasting Love which carries us into the Sixth Sense or "otherworldness."

It was during these years of my devoted attention to the Christ-Principle that I learned this fact and began to *live* for the first time, freed from moods crumbling between alert interest and deadly apathy, a crazy-quilt existence.

It was easy to see why Mrs. Eddy had emphasized so persistently the importance of discarding the idea of death. Even though this conquest in its entirety would be the very last one on the list of man's spiritualizing efforts, the experience of postponing it, or seeing it postponed, through knowledge of the Christ, is a startling proof of that dynamic power. The pursuit of the state called the "fourth dimension" centers in the consciousness of *unbroken* Life—divine Love, the harmony of heaven. By means of this sense of eternal good encompassing all, we are empowered to extricate ourselves from the manacles of finite thinking and enter the free Realm of Reality. The most indispensable factor to cling to and recall constantly is the illusive quality of appearances. To quote Mrs. Eddy:

"As astronomy reverses the human perception of the movement of the solar system, so Christian Science reverses the seeming rela-

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

tion of Soul and body and makes
body tributary to Mind."

What it finally achieves is not only to make the body tributary to Mind, but also the human will.

Considering also the powerful deception of a mirage—those lakes and trees are undeniable—we are pushed further into the habit of reversing bad things into good. More quickly than we might deem it possible we find ourselves looking for the concealed light behind the evil presence.

My father once said: "Shut the door; not to keep out the cold, but to keep in the cosiness." When we shut the door against black thinking we keep in the cosiness of light. That is indeed a cosiness no other can equal.

Advising the student to remove his thoughts from his body, Mrs. Eddy presents the example of the lobster which wastes no energy on worry. If he loses a claw, he "unthinkingly" reflects the life substance and the claw grows again. As in a human case when a bone reknits itself without external aid.

We sometimes see a man with a face so distorted with malice that he looks as though he had been swallowing the wrong way most of his life. He has inflicted and received many painful darts and knows not

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

how to quench them. Seeing such an individual recently reminded me of a remark my mother once made to me.

"Clara dear, the expressions of your face shift too suddenly from beaming sunshine to menacing thunderclouds. You could overcome that by thinking oftener of Christ."

At that period of my youth I thought rarely enough of Christ, or even of my good fortune in possessing a mother who could speak his name with reverent conviction. These many decades later after a full life of pleasure and pain I realize what she was trying to give me, and what I lacked the impulse to take.

Many have criticized the claim that Christian Science is the Comforter prophesied by Christ Jesus. Yet we must admit that it comforts beyond any other known organization. We also have to concede that it presents Christ's precepts with clarifying supplements as he foretold the Comforter would. Certainly we gain nothing by disputing a point which is unimportant compared with the incalculable good this religion disseminates.

A highly important rule difficult to follow is that of impersonalizing evil. Taken from the standpoint that evil is not an actuality it becomes possible to disassociate a sinful act from the performer of the act. This encourages forgiveness, assures us of the practicability

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

of the golden rule, and diminishes the impulse towards aggressive criticism.

Not every student is able to spend as much time in study and meditation as this Science requires for the best results, but he will gather inspiration and guidance from the daily lessons and the periodicals available at all Christian Science reading rooms. Included in these weekly and monthly publications are powerfully uplifting articles and editorials as well as testimonies of spiritual healing. We need whatever help we can get because, though the work is never joyless in the way that labor sometimes is, it is confusing at times. There appear to be contradictions which clear up under two directives—first, the repeated reminder that the absolute premise from which Mrs. Eddy constructs her explanation of Christ's Truth refers only to the *spiritual* consciousness. Second, experience discloses continuous growth in the understanding of God and His reflection, man. This elucidates puzzles.

In the physical world we require telescopes to expand our vision. In the spiritual sphere we need to increase our perceptive faculty. We must become God-vitalized, God-illuminated, God-emboldened, God-tranquillized, God-infected.

Sometimes we are shaken by the perfection of beauty in a familiar object seen many times before. It may be the inside of a lemon with its precisely constructed,

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

gleaming lacework of fairy artistry. If a lemon can retain its perfection of original beauty, why not man? That one word—perfection—all by itself, stimulates to excessive aspiration. In response to such stimulation we learn to comply with a simple, though mostly ignored law—to wit, *first things come first*.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of
God, and His righteousness."

This admonition must be taken literally. Waking in the morning at whatever hour, the aspirant turns immediately to his celestial Friend and pours out his gratitude either in spontaneous words of his own, or in some Biblical paean such as:

"O Lord, how manifold are thy
works! in wisdom hast thou made
them all: the earth is full of thy
riches."

This trend of thought must be sufficiently concentrated and extended to establish a level of union with Spirit before attending to the affairs of this world. Reminding himself throughout the day that the kingdom of God holds prior place in his mind, the student then accepts in their second place "and these things" (the material things) "shall be added unto you." He even notices that this order of mental direction begins

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

soon to assume a natural impulse. To reinforce this attitude in human relations he recalls the ordinance from St. Paul's epistle to the Colossians:

"And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men."

This places Spirit first in all circumstances. At the same time it insures a charitable attitude towards our neighbor who might be maliciously inclined. It enables us to follow the injunction:

"Let thine eyes look right on,
and let thine eyelids look straight
before thee."

In so simple a matter as screwing a top onto a bottle, success depends on the angle from which one starts the operation. Certainly on the angle from which our thoughts are directed depends our spiritual transformation.

eighteen

WHEN THE STUDENT HAS wrapped himself for a single moment in the warmth of Christ's robe, he has enjoyed an exhilaration never to be forgotten. It has turned life outside in, wherever he looks. It has colored his thoughts and deeds with stronger tints and softer shades. It has replaced the debris of negative thinking with a captivating loyalty to good.

In "Science and Health," with reference to Christ we read:

"His consummate example was for the salvation of us all, but only through doing the works which he did and taught others to do."

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

Treading this path we gladly recognize that our consciousness can no longer be enslaved by previous habits of sensitivity. We have discovered a new responsiveness to existence, but on the threshold of this realm we are halted by the slightest degree of timidity.

For a great many years I have believed that the Biblical expression "fear of the Lord" must be an erroneous translation. Reverence, wonder, worship belong in the picture, but any emotion akin to terror would be a ludicrous reaction to the Bible's repeated averment that God is Love. To be consistent then we would have to use not only the expression God-fearing, but Love-fearing. Could there ever be a more humorous, confusing juxtaposition of words to describe a man's state of mind when succumbing to his noblest of all aspirations? Yet that is precisely the expression I have seen in print—"Love-fearing." Had I needed any persuasion against use of the word fear in connection with our beloved Creator, I would certainly have abandoned the attitude after reading the self-contradictory expression "Love-fearing." It is with courage, boldness, adoration that we approach God. Cowardice pushes us into the matchless wiles of Satan.

We must refrain from the inclination to join Spirit with matter. Would you hitch a fullbred race-horse to a lame donkey and expect him to win the Derby? Timid consecration induces the poverty of Spirit.

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

Unfortunately, just as a dog may appear devoutly contemplative while dreaming of the rabbit he yearns to masticate, so can a person voice holy convictions while his acts race towards the gutter. Possibly the chief reason for this form of insincerity results from the habit most of us possess of wishing to appear rather different from what we actually are. It is so easy to talk, so difficult to be. Unconsciously we slide mentally into a leading role before a command audience, an audience that never hisses or boos, but silently accepts our egotistical self-estimation. We prate much about justice, but practice little of it in our personal discords. We weapon ourselves with digressions from the exact truth in a nervous desire to escape direct censure. At such moments we are not weighing the ultimate show-down with our own conscience, baptized the "anchor" by my father.

Justice is a fundamental attribute of divine Love, essential to all departments of life and utterly indispensable to the relationship between our infinite and finite selves. If we are unjust to our highest sense, the result is so grievous that we rush back into the arms of spiritual rhythm.

We find that we do not degrade the divine Presence when our thoughts subconsciously embrace it during even the most trivial acts of existence. Letting water into the wash-bowl, rousing the face, writing a letter

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

—behind each movement lies the propelling force of divine Mind whose loving pulsations never cease. As in music an organ-point forms an unchanging base on which varying chords may pass, so in life does our awareness of God's presence create an unchanging foundation on which daily incidents flit past.

"Except the Lord build the house,
they labor in vain that build it:
except the Lord keep the city, the
watchman waketh but in vain."

Our gratitude to the Creator of man's divine sonship is infinite. We are reminded of it in daily contrasts big and small. We feel a vast difference between the smile we give when in a grouch and the smile which must beam from the eyes when we are continents distant from a grouch. This is a miniature example of the discrepancy between God's kingdom and Satan's hades. In short, servitude to good gives supreme freedom.

"The eyes of them that see shall
not be dim, and the ears of them
that hear shall hearken."

nineteen

ONE NIGHT I KNEW WITH overpowering force that my finite ego must be destroyed. The ills of body, follies of character, debilitating memories of my spiritual lacks must be cast into as complete oblivion as though I had existed centuries ago. This conviction seized me in a grip that commanded action. The purpose was so engrossing that a solemn ceremony developed of itself.

One by one the diverse assortment of material evils were mentally consumed, while exposing more and more of my true intelligence, the intelligence born of divine Mind.

After hours of this eliminating procedure I settled into a profound serenity more virile, more dominating

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

than the most aggressive display of visible action could ever be. In gratitude I called to many angels who seemed to hover near. Bewilderingly lovely they were. The miniature wings at the sides of their heads fluttered in changing hues giving glimpses of fantastic beauty. There were no other wings to obstruct the graceful movements of these ethereal beings who appeared more real than figures of flesh and blood. They were certainly more radiant. In a chorus of melodious voices they sang triumphantly of service to joy; of the light that never grows dim; of achievement born of humility.

Gradually the sight and sounds melted into a soft distance and only my friends Michael and Gabriel remained. To them I said "Now that I have dug the grave of my abandoned ego and marked it with an oblong cipher, I hope you will baptize me with a new name—a name that will represent the set aspiration of my awakening self."

They expressed approval and willingly offered suggestions for the baptism. Gabriel said "Two enlightening words in the heavenly kingdom are 'faithful and friend.' If you are faithful to Spirit, adverse circumstances will be met discerningly. As a friend to Spirit, you will understand universal friendship, and command concord in human relations."

Michael gave another suggestion. "If you are faith-

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

ful to divine Principle, the idea of friendship is included. Therefore a single word would replace the first name of your rejected ego; for instance, steadfast, fixed, attached."

"Or Friend," interjected Gabriel. "Friend in its complete meaning includes sealed attachment. Thus, those who are friends to divine Principle and deeply conscious of its everlasting *continuity*, may fulfill St. Paul's declaration: 'Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.'"

"Thank you blessed angels, I believe I shall know when I waken in the morning what my name is to be."

And so it happened. At my first moment of consciousness before the sun was far on its way, my name flashed on the wall as though engraved in an arc of light. It shone in mammoth letters—FRIEND. A wave of joy swept through my being. Enlightened friend to the issues of glorious Mind would I strive to be, now and forever.

As the day advanced with its unpredictable vicissitudes, I realized that the entire art, Science, beauty of being were lodged in those two words—faithful and friend, for they are the servants of divine Love. Faithful to the commands of Spirit, and thereby faithless to the mesmerism of materiality; friend to the majesty of a power in control of innumerable forces forever in

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

motion; faithful to the delight and cheer of abundant harmony. These demands kept my aspiring self consistently occupied. There was hardly a moment when my mental impulses were not under strict examination in respect to their unbroken loyalty towards the single power of good—and towards their effective obedience to the guideposts of this good. Through this channel I became increasingly aware of the operation of divine intelligence always at work, bringing newness of life from moment to moment.

But my abandoned ego had to be freshly killed off with a frequency which would have been discouraging had not each extinction taken place with progressive efficiency.

Then one day came the acid test of my subservience to the heavenly Guide. Often it seems as though we are led to perform a specific act in preparation for an impending event. My drastic effort to oust the finite ego served as practical aid at a moment of spiritual need a few days later.

A dear friend of mine received a crushing blow in the sudden death of her beloved husband. Heretofore my sympathy for someone in deep grief prevented my contributing the smallest fraction of uplift. My tears flowed faster than the tears of the mourner, so that she was worse off after my visit than before.

The Bible says: "And if thou draw out thy soul to

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday."

The expression "satisfy the afflicted soul" cannot mean that one should afflict him with additional gloom by mingling emotional sympathy with his already depleted courage. This would be defying the law of God's Love which delivers the strength of hope. Through close adherence to divine Mind's direction one should charge oneself and another with that warmth of the everlasting Essence which revitalizes a fainting heart. This conviction followed immediately upon my initial drop into heavy depression at receipt of the shocking news; and the conviction was largely the result of that night's determined effort to cripple the self that fails to unite with the substance of Spirit.

When I called on my friend I was directed to behave as though nothing so terrible as a loss by death could have happened, because the life-force is never extinguished. By this means her thoughts and mine were lifted into lighter vibrations and the sense of an individual, suffering personality was somewhat modified. This extremely definite experience was a powerful example of the solid foundation upon which our magnificent Leader built her Christian method for reversing thought and its effects from one point to its direct opposite. It acts like magic and is reliably tenacious. Mrs.

Eddy's delineation of an ideal kingdom must sustain anyone who earnestly seeks it.

"Harmony is produced by its Principle, is controlled by it and abides with it. Divine Principle is the Life of man."

With a change of mental focus the magnetic attraction of harmony is able, through spiritual law, to deny the presence of evil. To use a homely parallel, when we are on the Pacific Coast, we refer to Chicago as East, but it becomes West when we are at the opposite end of the Continent. If we retain our consciousness within the realm of divine Mind, our mental points of compass shift from one pole to the other—from the negative to the positive.

Along this highway we receive an energizing sense of eternity. It appears as a virile state in gentle motion, driving daily incidents into a dreamlike, unreal quality of *perpetual passing*. This aids us in seeing good as the predominating presence—God's signature everywhere.

We accept as a comforting thought the Psalmist's dictum:

"For he spake and it was done; he commanded and it stood fast."

twenty

ONE DAY BAD NEWS BROKE into our peace—the type that would once have denuded me of self-control. What was my surprise to find that I did not have to fish for courage or attempt some re-adjustment to the circumstance. It was as though the misfortune had not happened to me. Divine Love's ever-presence had been proved incredibly dominating. I had been engulfed in that supersense which expunges the evils of this world as though they were drifting threads of cobweb. I was reminded too of Mrs. Eddy's comforting words in "Science and Health":

"The very circumstance, which your suffering sense deems wrathful and afflictive, Love can make an angel entertained unawares."

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

This we fully realize by the time we have freed ourselves from the idea that afflictions are punitive, and have acquired the habit of accepting them all, big and little, as intriguing tests of our progress. Only six or eight months before the advent of this big, bad news, I had signally failed to meet a much milder shock with the strength of a higher understanding. Several hours had passed before I found my way back to "the house not built with hands." This interlude of darkness called to mind days spent in tropical lands where the windows in many houses reaching from floor to ceiling were barricaded with wooden blinds formed of slats so closely set together that no light could enter. At midday the occupant could believe it was midnight if no artificial light was resorted to. Yet such visual darkness is bright compared to the gloom felt by the loss of conscious contact with our heavenly Source.

Mrs. Eddy writes:

"Between the centripetal and centrifugal mental forces of material and spiritual gravitations, we go into or we go out of materialism or sin, and choose our own course and its results."

Only a few small steps away from the material gravitation, which weaves a beetle into a rattlesnake,

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

we turn to the opposite urge which lifts all the rattlesnakes off the ground and re-constructs them into flying-fishes. This procedure leads us to consider with a shade of tolerance the idea that the "Adam dream" may be the parent of all discord.

Most of us are greatly irritated over the ubiquitous radio and television commercials. When a man's offensive voice barges into the center of important world news, or into an absorbing bit of musical composition, our anger is ignited and we shut up the machine with a vehement movement which gives us the satisfaction of having slapped that man into silence. Yet this show of violence has not affected the advertiser. It has merely jerked us off the sunny road. When we chafe at inanimate as well as animate vexations we stupidly deny ourselves the tender treasures of Spirit.

Students of Christ's wisdom have found that the word "cross" was a misleading designation of the life which brings relief from all the earthly crosses. Let anyone horn him, thorn him, scorn him, his soul remains untouched. One, one, one mind and that divine. Not two minds—good and evil, peace and war, strength and infirmity—but one overwhelming, saturating Essence of Love.

My thoughts no longer dared to skirmish around for help like the agitated movements of a drowning fly. The quality of my love for God and neighbor must

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

not resemble fruit too long on ice. Nor should our surrender to Divinity smack of coercion. It must epitomize a state of blissful ease with all responsibility for self and others transferred to the government of the eternal Creator. Such humility—unconscious of matter and finite self, becomes bold in consciousness of God. A mosaic floor spotted with many colors and shapes is restless compared to the purity and smoothness of pristine marble. In my efforts towards repair and redemption I was reminded of the swimmer in deep waters whose goal is far away. He takes powerful strokes, then floats, resting between efforts. The strokes and the floating are of equal import since they maintain the right balance between the demonstration and reception of strength.

People say: "If God, Love, knows nothing of evil and can create only that which is like Himself, how can he impose afflictions on His beloved children?" In accordance with my understanding and vivid experience these many months, I am convinced that afflictions are not created by God (as Mrs. Eddy says); they are the natural results of thoughts and acts accumulated in opposition to the law of divine Perfection. These afflictions because of their unlikeness to good compel the sufferer to seek acquaintance with the benign power.

God certainly is not occupied in doing finite things.

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

Through His infinite might he has merely to *be*. By His pervasive quality of harmony we become aware of a guiding force which can hold us in a lasting state of welfare and well-doing, provided we are sensitive to that super-law. We exist because God exists. As a penetrating sweetness of perfume may bury an obnoxious odor, so does thought fill the mind with an image of beauty that removes the ugliness of evil. Then one day comes the moment when, without the slightest interplay of materialistic qualifying, we *know* that we are feeling well solely and entirely because we are thinking well—loving well. And this revealing moment of subservience to the one Mind is a divine promise of others to follow with ever-increasing clarity and trust.

The picture of today's subjection to evil forces rioting at a peak surpassing anything heretofore witnessed, appears to dwarf all hope of moral and spiritual control. There exists no means of mass revolution in the spiritual world. Therefore we can only approach the global problem from a slit held by a file of determined individuals carrying each his own banner of struggling devotion to the sole Source of good. They will not falter before the hideous hordes on the opposing march. By God's law of progress they will conquer.

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

Gratitude impells me to enumerate my cures which I trust will be lasting.

(1) Deafness of many weeks' duration apparently connected with high blood pressure.

(2) Distracting, continuous head-noises.

(3) Various types of indigestion.

(4) Acute arthritis in the neck, necessitating turning from the waist if I wished to look towards the right or left.

(5) Irregular heart-beat which I could hear in my head, accompanied by exhaustion.

(6) Inclination to deep depression.

(7) Frequent periods of excessive weakness.

(8) Inclination to severe colds.

(9) The lifelong habit of insomnia.

Now I know that my slowly diminishing pains will soon vanish completely.

I am moved to say a heartfelt "thank you" to the Christian Science Publishing Society which so faithfully provides spiritual riches every week and every month. Their efficient, devoted, discerning work merits infinite gratitude from the great multitude of readers. Added to the daily lessons the enlightening periodicals, lectures, and radio testimonies contribute an unfailing refuge for the student—a support of inestimable value to his spiritual endeavor. Also the realization that thousands of consecrated practitioners all over the world

AWAKE TO A PERFECT DAY

are contributing their mighty aid to the spiritualization of mankind adds luster to our pursuit of God's Kingdom of Love.

Let me repeat my father's considered estimate of Mary Baker Eddy: "She is in several ways the most interesting woman that ever lived and the most extraordinary. The same may be said of her career, and the same may be said of its chief result. . . . She is the benefactor of the age."

When our revered Leader was asked "What is the best way to do instantaneous healing?", she replied:

"I will tell you the way to do it.
It is to love! Just live love—*be*
it—love, love, love. Do not know
anything but love. There is nothing
else that will do the work. It
will heal everything. It will raise
the dead. *Be* nothing but love."

Thus we end on the spiritual absolute, luminous guide to man's compelling urge towards the "perfect day."



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